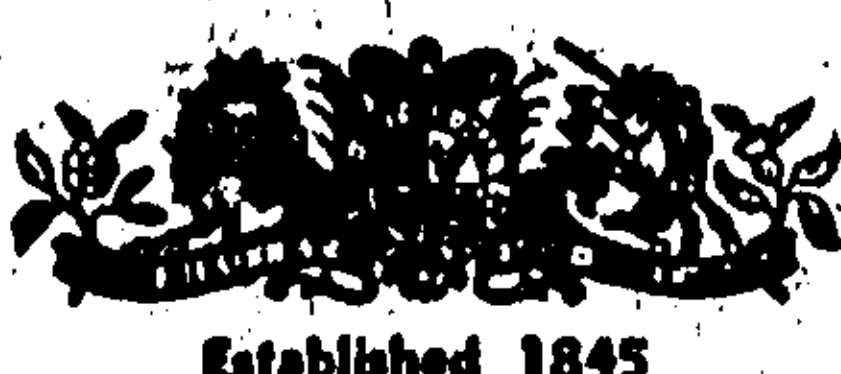


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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Little Gained

President Syngman Rhee returned to Seoul yesterday with little to show for his intensive discussions in Washington and his appeal to the American people to back his struggle to reunite Korea. Yet his failure does not mean that America has resigned itself to a permanent division of the country. It is obviously still the aim of the Administration to pursue negotiations with the Communists for free, democratic elections at the propitious moment.

The difference between the Administration's view and Mr. Rhee's is that one desires the peaceful approach whereas the other has despaired of this method and seeks instead to force the two states by force. If free, democratic elections are concluded successfully in Vietnam within the next two years it is possible the West may decide to ask for a re-opening of the Korean question then. Mr. Rhee's obvious conclusion that America would support his bellicose policies is partly the result of his own misjudgment but the enthusiastic reception he received from the American public must have encouraged this false hope to some extent.

On the whole, however, Mr. Rhee has only himself to blame. For he misconstrued this demonstration of genuine affection for himself and his people in their troubles as approval of his policies to renew a war which has already cost thousands of American lives. Now Korea is wondering what their President has achieved in America. Cable reports suggest he will receive increased military aid but not as much as he sought. Obviously America bases its aid programme not on the demands of individual countries but on the opinions of its own officials in the different countries. It is also very probable that Washington carefully examines the uses to which this military aid will be put. The Administration may feel, for instance, that in Formosa's case, increase aid may deter an invasion from the mainland, but that in Korea's case, more arms aid may be an incentive to an unwanted war. Officially, Mr. Rhee is "satisfied" with his visit. His innermost feelings must differ slightly, however, for apart from small material gains he has achieved nothing more than a re-affirmation of Korean-American friendship.

Rastvorov Speaks Major Spy Scandal Predicted In Japan

Washington, Aug. 13. Yuri Rastvorov, Soviet NVD agent who escaped to the Americans from Japan, said at a press conference today that Russian intelligence received information from well-placed sources "high" in the Japanese Government.

His presence on American soil was dramatically disclosed at a press conference at the State Department late today.

The agent, who fled from his job as a lieutenant colonel in the Soviet secret service in Japan on January 24, told reporters today he went over to the United States because "I wanted to live like a decent human being."

"I wanted to be treated decently and I wanted to be able to treat other people decently. It is impossible to live like this under Communism. People do not dare treat each other decently or trust each other or speak freely to each other."

He said since he came to the United States, where he has been kept under cover by American intelligence for almost seven months, he has been interviewed by Japanese officials. He indicated he expected a major scandal to break in Japan soon regarding Soviet espionage rather high in the Government.

When he was first asked how high in the Japanese Government Soviet intelligence sources went, he said, "quite high, quite high." In answering a later question, he amended this to "high, but not quite high."

The former Russian intelligence colonel said: "The political intelligence service in Japan is very active and has many agents."

He said he did not know whether the Soviet secret agents in Japan directed the Japanese Communist Party because he was engaged only in gathering intelligence concerning the internal and external policy of the Government of Japan." He added, however, that the Japanese Communist Party was directed from Moscow by the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

The Soviet Ambassador in Washington, Mr. Georgi Zorubov, today rebuffed a formal invitation from the State Department to meet face to face with Rastvorov.

At a specially called press conference, the State Department spokesman, Mr. Henry Snyder, announced the Department of Justice had granted political asylum to Mr. Rastvorov.—United Press & Reuter.

Protest Action Against New EDC Plans

Paris, Aug. 14. The French Government last night agreed on a compromise on the European Army, but three Gaullist Ministers resigned, a Gaullist spokesman stated.

The three who resigned were General Pierre Koenig, Minister of Defence, M. Jacques Chaban Delmas, Public Works and M. Maurice Lemaire, Reconstruction, the spokesman said.

It is believed they resigned in protest against the compromise plan.

An official spokesman later announced that the Council had adopted conclusions on the European Community which will be transmitted to the Governments of the other five signatories of the treaty—Belgium, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, West Germany and Italy.

Pro-EDC Ministers In Charge

The three Ministers who resigned will not be replaced until the beginning of September, the spokesman said.

Meanwhile their departments will be in temporary charge of three pro-EDC Ministers.

M. Emmanuel Temple, moderate Minister for Ex-Servicemen's Affairs, will take charge of National Defence; near-Radical Labour Minister, Claudius Petit, of Reconstruction; and M. Maurice Bourges-Maunoury, Radical Minister of Industry and Commerce, will take Public Works.

SEATO Announcement To Be Made Today

Washington, Aug. 14. Officials said that the United States and seven allied nations would announce today their intention to meet at Baguio, in the Philippines, on September 6 to work out a pact to guarantee the "fabric of peace" in Southeast Asia.

They said that the announcement would be made in Washington and simultaneously in the capitals of the seven other Powers.

These seven are Britain, France, New Zealand, Australia, Pakistan, Thailand and the Philippines.

Both Mr. John Foster Dulles, the American Secretary of State, and Mr. Anthony Eden, the British Foreign Secretary, are expected to attend the conference.

The Foreign Ministers of Australia, New Zealand, Thailand (Siam), the Philippines and Pakistan will also attend the conference to negotiate a treaty to maintain peace and security in the area of Southeast Asia and the Western Pacific, it was learned.

FRANCE REPRESENTED

France will also be represented, though probably not by M. Pierre Mendes-France, who is Foreign Minister as well as Premier.

Officials said that the announcement would give little more than the time, place and purpose of the meeting and would not go into details concerning the type of agreement.

The Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, in his talks with the representatives of the other nations, has placed much importance on economic aspects of the arrangement, it is said.

The American belief is said to be that while military guarantees and arrangements are necessary to freeze the situation and prevent further direct Communist aggression, the long-range security of the area cannot be achieved without a considerable increase in the economic welfare of the inhabitants of the area.—United Press & Reuter.

Typhoon On Its Way North

Manila, Aug. 13. A tropical storm raging north-east of Basco Island off the northern tip of Luzon was reported today to have intensified into a typhoon.

The Weather Bureau Forecasting Centre this morning issued an international warning for aircraft and ships to avoid the path of the typhoon and to take precautions.

At midnight GMT the typhoon was located at about 620 miles north-east of Basco, Batanes, whipping up 80-mile an hour winds near the centre.

It was reported to be moving west-north-west at nine miles an hour in the general direction of northern Formosa and Okinawa.—United Press.

Britain, U.S. Working On Super Rocket

London, Aug. 13. Responsible British sources said today that the United States and Britain are co-operating in development of a guided missile which may produce a trans-Atlantic rocket, capable of changing the character of future wars.

The source said the project already has advanced to a point where British and American observers are to be sent to stations in the Caribbean and on Ascension Island in the South Atlantic to log the flight of a rocket with a controlled range of 2,500 miles.

The distance across the United States and Britain is just over 3,000 miles. Sources here said the planned experiments would put the Allies "within five years" of perfecting a trans-Atlantic rocket.

NO ONE WILL SAY

Exactly when the experiments are to be carried out, no one is yet prepared to say. But from the designation of observation posts, it has been deduced that the experimental missiles may be launched from somewhere in Florida toward the Antarctic.

No one here is saying whether the experimental long-range rocket is an American or a British development.—United Press.

Red China Approves Formosa Liberation Report

London, Aug. 13. Communist China's supreme governing body has approved a report calling for "determined action to liberate Formosa," the Chinese Nationalists island's stronghold, the New China (Communist) News Agency announced today.

In a report presented to the Central People's Government Council, Mr. Chou En-lai, Premier and Foreign Minister, said action against Formosa was needed "to safeguard China's sovereignty and territorial integrity."

It was adopted at an "enlarged session" of the Council on Wednesday attended by Mao Tse-tung, head of the state, and General Chu Teh, Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces, and other Chinese leaders, the agency (quoted by Peking Radio) said.

The agency said the Council also approved certain Government appointments and dismissals. It gave no details.

In his report, Chou En-lai said United States aggressive circles were "more than ever prompting and aiding Chiang Kai-shek's forces to carry out with increasing recklessness a war of harassment and destruction against the Chinese mainland and coastal areas."

China had repeatedly declared its readiness to establish diplomatic relations with any country on the basis of the principles of equality and respect for territorial integrity and sovereignty and had in international affairs worked for world peace and the progress of mankind.

HOSTILE POSITION

"However, the aggressive circles in the United States, unable to reconcile themselves to the fact that the reactionary rule of the Chiang Kai-shek clique has been overthrown by the Chinese people, have taken a consistent position of hostility towards the 600 million liberated people of China, directing against them armed intervention and the threat of war."

If peace and security in Asia and throughout the world were to be safeguarded the designs of "United States aggressive circles" must be shattered, Mr. Chou En-lai said.

"The tasks before us are... to take determined action on the liberation of Taiwan (Formosa) so as to safeguard China's sovereignty and territorial integrity, further to work with the other nations concerned for the implementation of the Indo-China peace agreement, and continue seeking a peaceful settlement in Korea."

5 PRINCIPLES

They also "strengthen and develop China's relations of peaceful co-operation with other nations of the world."

They would have to conform with "the five principles of mutual respect for territorial integrity and sovereignty—non-aggression, non-interference in each other's internal affairs, equality and mutual benefit and peaceful co-existence."

Finally the task was "to strive for the establishment of collective peace in Asia."

He declared that "United States aggressive circles" would not allow thorough implementation of the armistice agreement.

"They have of late been actively goading Australia, New Zealand, Thailand and the Philippines, trying to bring round Britain and France, and even to prevail upon the Colombo Powers to form a so-called South-east Asian defence block," he declared.

AGAINST CHINA

"It is not difficult to perceive that this bloc is being organised mainly against China and for the purpose of undermining collective co-operation on the Indo-China question by nations participating in the Geneva conference."

He called for resolute opposition to SEATO by all the states concerned in the interests of peace in Indo-China.

The Geneva conference had shown international disputes could be settled by peaceful litigation, he said.

The policy of strength pursued by the United States was being increasingly ousted by the principle of peaceful co-existence and there were even new hopes for a political settlement of the Korean issue.

Improvement in the relationship between China and the United Kingdom brought about at Geneva would help to increase the possibility of normal relations between China and the countries of the West, Mr. Chou En-lai went on.—Reuter.

Alleged Fraud HK Police Asked To Inquire

Singapore, Aug. 13. The Singapore Police have asked the Hongkong Police to help in inquiries into an alleged fraud in which nine Singapore Banks are reported to have been swindled of various sums totalling M \$1 Million.

The fraud is said to have been uncovered when a consignment of "textiles" which arrived from Hongkong was opened and found to contain tooth-picks.

A man believed to be involved in the fraud has disappeared. One bank has taken high court proceedings, resulting in the sealing off of the premises of a Chinese firm in South-bridge Road.—France-Press.

Ike's Support Unlikely For Anti-Red Bill

Washington, Aug. 13. President Eisenhower's Administration will request leaders of the House of Representatives not to endorse a Senate bill outlawing the Communist Party of the United States, some Congressional quarters said today.

The bill, passed unexpectedly by 85 votes to nil in the Senate last night, is opposed by the Department of Justice and the Federal Bureau of Investigation. They fear it would only drive the Communist Party underground. Questions have also been raised as to whether the measure was constitutional.

The bill may come up for decisive approval when the House of Representatives meets again on Monday though Republican leaders are not anxious for a vote before Congress adjourns next week until next January.

A SURPRISE

The outlawing action, which must receive House approval before it can become effective, came as a surprise to the Eisenhower Administration.

It was clear that election year politics had played a major part in the Senate's decision.

With Congressional elections pending next November, no senator found it politically possible to go on record as voting against such anti-Communist action.—Reuter.

AMERICAN WANTS NUDIST COLONY IN JAPAN

Tokyo, Aug. 13. National Police Headquarters here said today an American had filed an application with the police in Fujisawa City, 30 miles from Tokyo, for permission to operate a nudist colony in the city.

Headquarters said that Fujisawa had asked for advice as they had never before received a similar request.

A Headquarters spokesman said: "We will advise the Fujisawa Police on what action to take after making a careful study of the application."

According to the police, the applicant stated he wished to create a "Garden of Eden" which would be "suitably fenced" to keep out peeping Toms.

The applicant stated that membership of his "Eden" would be restricted to married couples and their children.—Reuter.

FLY PAL TO MANILA

4 FLIGHTS WEEKLY

Flights every Tuesday, Friday and Saturday leave Hong Kong at 1 p.m. and arrive in Manila at 3 p.m. local time. Flights leaving Hong Kong 4 p.m. Thursday arrive in Manila at 6 p.m. local time.

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THEY'RE IN THE MOVIES NOW!

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LUCILLE BALL

DESI ARNAZ

THE LONG LONG TRAILER

Also, latest "NEWS OF THE DAY"

FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

At the ROXY and BROADWAY, "WEST OF ZANZIBAR" has followed Silvana Mangano's "ANNA", while the EMPIRE's current show is "MURDER WITHOUT TEARS".

The LEE and GREAT WORLD have "BORDER RIVER", which I told you about last week, and after that they're following the fashion and showing an Italian picture called "THE MISTRESS OF TREVES". Continental films are represented at the KING'S and PRINCESS by "THE LOVERS OF VERONA" and there may be a short repeat during next week at these two cinemas of "YOU KNOW WHAT SAILORS ARE" (Donald Sinden, Akim Tamiroff etc.).

The mystery preview of "THE LONG LONG TRAILER" at the CAPITOL having accomplished its aim—i.e. to stimulate interest in the picture—it's now showing there; the next change will be to "QUO VADIS".

At the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA drama in the air gives way to "THE MIAMI STORY" with "DESTINATION TOKYO" as the follow-on.

"99 RIVER STREET" is showing at the HOOVER Theatre.

"WEST OF ZANZIBAR" is a sequel to "WHERE NO VULTURES FLY" and is described as a new adventure.

Several of the comments I have read on this picture accuse the film company who produced it of saving the public very much the mixture as before. Possibly they have, but then, aren't all adventure tales very similar in character?

How many Spanish galleons have you seen burning down to sea level in stories of piracy on the high seas, or redskins biting the dust in a western, or sultry saloon songstresses in gold dust tales?

No, all the ingredients in adventure pictures have long since been combined, separated, re-hashed, and re-served many times over—it's merely the treatment that changes now.

As the story writer, director and producer are the same, and the locality too, what is more feasible than that "WEST OF ZANZIBAR" should be very much like "WHERE NO VULTURES FLY"—and who minds. If the latter was to your taste, the former will be as well.

Anthony Steel is once more the central character.

IVORY POACHING

The story is of ivory poaching (and in this it bears a resemblance to "A V. E. N. - TURE DU CHAD") with, thrown in, a high minded Game Warden who tries to save an African tribe from the fatal allure of town life and easy money. The disguised tribal chieftain is none other than the negro singer Edric Connor.

The trail of the poachers leads Anthony Steel through native bazaars, rivers, jungles and swamps and provides plenty of scope for the camera. In fact it might almost be called the photographer's picture.

Sheila Sim, as Mrs Game Warden, isn't called upon to do much more than behave understandingly when the occasion demands it and look rather frail.

and unprotected in the jungle; she accomplishes both successfully.

In contrast, Anthony Steel's apparent indestructibility is phenomenal. While chasing an Arab dhow his boat is sunk—nothing daunted, he extricates himself from this tricky situation only to have a second boat sunk under him.

Crocodiles, leopards, snakes and hippos (I refuse to use the pedantic plural of hippopotamus) also have it in for him—oblivious of the fact that as Game Warden he's supposed to be their friend—yet he battles on!

"MURDER WITHOUT TEARS" is not such a light-hearted affair as it sounds. There are several very nasty characters indeed in the cast, none of whom one would want to meet on a dark night. The lack of tears, I imagine, refers to the scarcity of mourners when a flirtatious wife is found dead.

Craig Stevens plays the investigating detective and Joyce Holden—(Glenn Ford's wife in "THE BIG HEAT")—is the girl on hand to help him with the cure.

FALSE FRIEND

"THE MISTRESS OF TREVES" is like "THE LOVERS OF VERONA", something I would go to see in spite of any disparaging remarks about it I may have read. Not that I've heard anything against either of these pictures—it's just that I like the way most Continental films are produced. So much imagination, and I must confess to a morbid love of the tragic endings into which they so often dissolve.

The two handsome men of "THE MISTRESS OF TREVES" are Rossano Brazzi and John Sanquin. The mistress herself—Genevieve de Brabant who last appeared in Hongkong opposite David Niven in "THE LOVE LOTTERY".

Sieghried (Rossano Brazzi) has the sympathetic role. He and Genevieve are married with great pomp at the commencement of the picture and are allowed a short period of great happiness together.

When word comes that the Crusades have started (I almost feel impelled to borrow Jimmy Edwards' expression and say "like a shot Sieghried leaves her in the tender care of his chum, Golo—however, Sieghried's girls on his sword and caniers off to fight the Saracens).

The Castle of Treves seems to draw in upon itself after Sieghried has left and his false friend Golo has taken charge.

Only in fiction do lovers remain faithful when they receive news of their loved one's death. In fact, when they do, they often lie about the behaviour of each are told to the other the situation gets complicated indeed. Golo is on hand to see that it does!

The Press Book says:—"Some of the battle scenes, and the sequence showing the debauchery introduced by Golo into the Castle of Treves, took more than four months to film."

ILL-STARRED LOVERS

Fancy! "THE LOVERS OF VERONA" takes place in Italy, but the treatment is French.

In spite of Martine Carol's name appearing prominently the real lovers are Anouk and Reggiani.

Anouk you've seen here before in "THE GOLDEN SALAMANDER" with Trevor Howard, but Reggiani you probably won't recall.

There is a tragic love story. Like Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel in "KISS ME

KATE" their life story runs parallel with the Shakespearean drama in which they're taking part. The misfortune for them however is that, instead of being a comedy, the film in which they're acting is the tragedy "Romeo and Juliet".

They're not the principals though and one catches oneself hoping that by being little people (understudies only) they'll escape the destiny that seems to overshadow them. The almost morbid interest they have in the story of the ill-starred lovers leads them from Venice—where the picture is being made—to the grave of Juliet in Verona and from there on their fate is sealed.

The director of "THE LOVERS OF VERONA" is Andre Cayatte.

BRIGHTER THAN EVER

Lucille Ball had for a very long time been the mistress of the art of looking glamorous while playing the fool when she suddenly dropped from pictures some years ago.

Her return to the field of entertainment took the form of a television show in America with husband Desi Arnaz called "I Love Lucy".

If we're to believe lovely Lucille she hadn't much hope that the programme would succeed. However, "I Love Lucy" caught on, and back she was in the full glare of the public's adulation—brighter than ever before.

"THE LONG LONG TRAILER" is really a full length feature based on these television shows. It's a little larger than life size. It shows Lucille and her husband setting off on a caravan holiday in the latter being a tricky business at the best of times!

In spite of being the most gadget-minded people in the world, our American friends love to get back to nature and dexterity from time to time and "THE LONG LONG TRAILER" is the awful warning showing what happens when two sophisticated people start getting drowsy eyed about cooking their own food and living in a moving one-roomed apartment—for fun.

LAWBREAKERS

One always thinks of Miami as a luxurious resort in Florida where nothing costs less than ten dollars—American dollars at that.

In order to keep the money flowing in, law and order must be preserved or the spenders will be frightened away. This is a contradiction in terms, as money always attracts lawbreakers out to make an easy living.

In the narration at the beginning of this picture, Florida Senator George Smathers says what soundly says that "THE MIAMI STORY" ably shows what a few courageous citizens, honest politicians and tough, alert police agencies can do to rid their cities of gangland influence.

This will tell you that "THE MIAMI STORY" is based on a true to life occurrence. It's a fairly recent incident in which the Los Angeles Police Force trapped a gang of warehouse thieves with concealed television equipment.

Adole Jergens has the female part in the picture.

This attractive actress gave up her screen career to become a housewife and went into retirement. Now that she's back again she's finding it difficult to get the part she wants.

Nobody believes her when she says that marriage and motherhood have made an honest woman of her and that she only wants to play "sweet" girls now. She celebrated her return to work like Lucille Ball, in a television feature. It wasn't a pleasant role (although she was playing opposite Paul Muni) but she's adamant that it didn't matter too much because it only ran for half an hour instead of the hour and a half a film runs. This typical piece of feminine logic broke the ice because since her comeback all her roles have been of her pre-retirement type.



Rossano Brazzi, as a captain of the Great Crusades, plays the leading masculine role in "The Mistress of Treves".

So if you liked her before, you'll be happy with her portrayal of Gwen Abbott, the gunman's girl in "THE MIAMI STORY".

Hunting her down is Barry Sullivan—a reformed gangster called in by Miami's citizens' committee to clean up the crime syndicate run by Luther Adler. I'm always apprehensive when a young child is anywhere about in a gangster film. Its function is usually to be the pawn at some point in the story and my concentration is diverted by fears for its safety.

In "THE BIG HEAT" my heart was in my mouth when it looked as though Glenn Ford's youngster was going to be kidnapped by his wife's killers—in "THE MIAMI STORY" Barry Sullivan's son actually is abducted by the syndicate—I wish they wouldn't do this sort of thing!

"DESTINATION TOKYO" brings us Cary Grant who was such a favourite when he made a short stay in the Colony.

Although he appears at his best in light comedy roles, Cary Grant manages to be convincing as well in straight parts and it's this type of character he plays in "DESTINATION TOKYO".

Not a recent picture—it was made in 1950—you'll find several supporting roles held by people who're higher up in the movie hierarchy now. Examples: Dane Clark, John Garfield, Robert Hutton, John Forsythe and Faye Emerson.

"DESTINATION TOKYO" is an apt title for this film, the climax being the raid on Tokyo Bay by Grant's submarine.

"Copperhead" The incident takes place during the Pacific War when "Copperhead" is engaged in patrolling the South China Sea, attempting to sink enemy transport ships.

ROUGH AND TOUGH

When the title of a film is just an address, it usually turns out to be a rough and tough story containing a murder or two, at least one bad girl, a heavy, an assortment of hoodlums and a car chase.

Which brings me to "99 RIVER STREET".

One of the murderers is Peggy Castle—wife of John Payne in the picture. In addition to being careless enough to get murdered, she also qualifies for the bad girl part. Showing more animation than is customary in the nice girl role is Evelyn Keyes, while the heavy is Brad Dexter.

The latter was featured in "WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS"—released in most places as "THE ASPHALT JUNGLE". It may be of interest to some people to know that he's also the husband of the singer, Peggy "Don't smoke in bed" Lee.

John Payne spends most of the film as a taxi driver, though at one time he was a boxer of championship standard. Falsely accused of having murdered his wife, he calls on his cable friends to help him clear his name.

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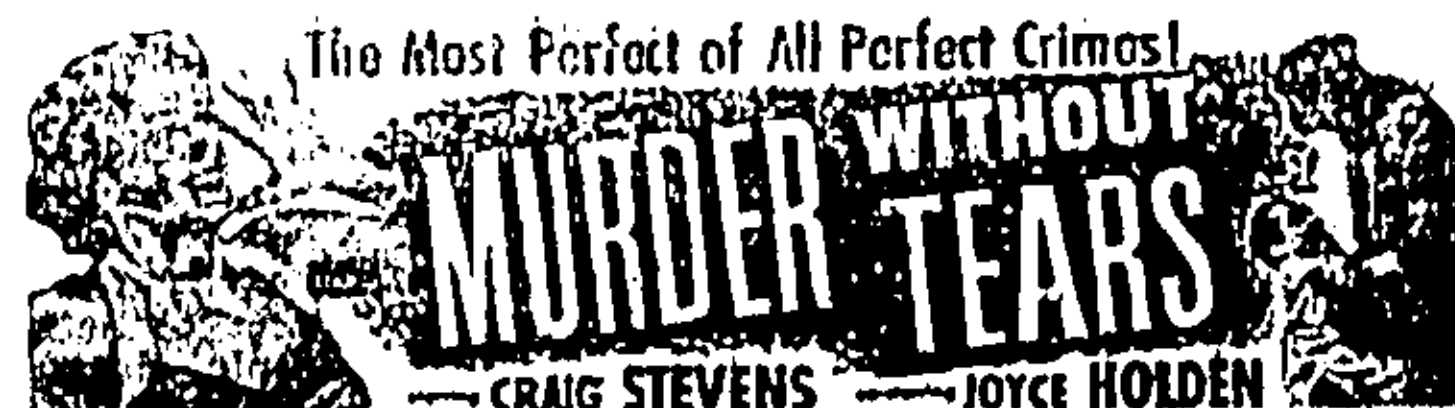
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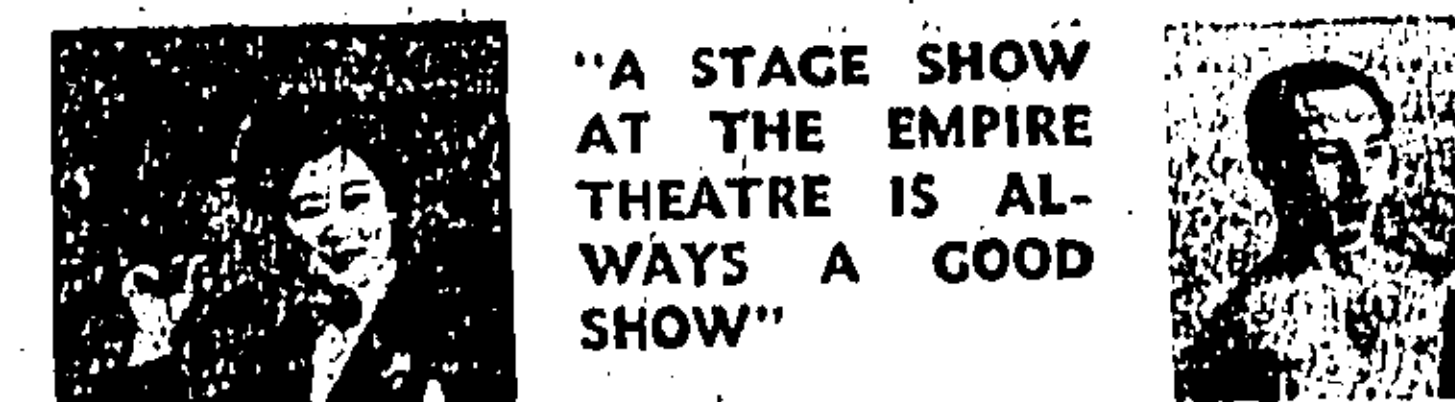
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Harry Odell says: If you liked Hitchcock's "DIAL M FOR MURDER" you will enjoy "MURDER WITHOUT TEARS".

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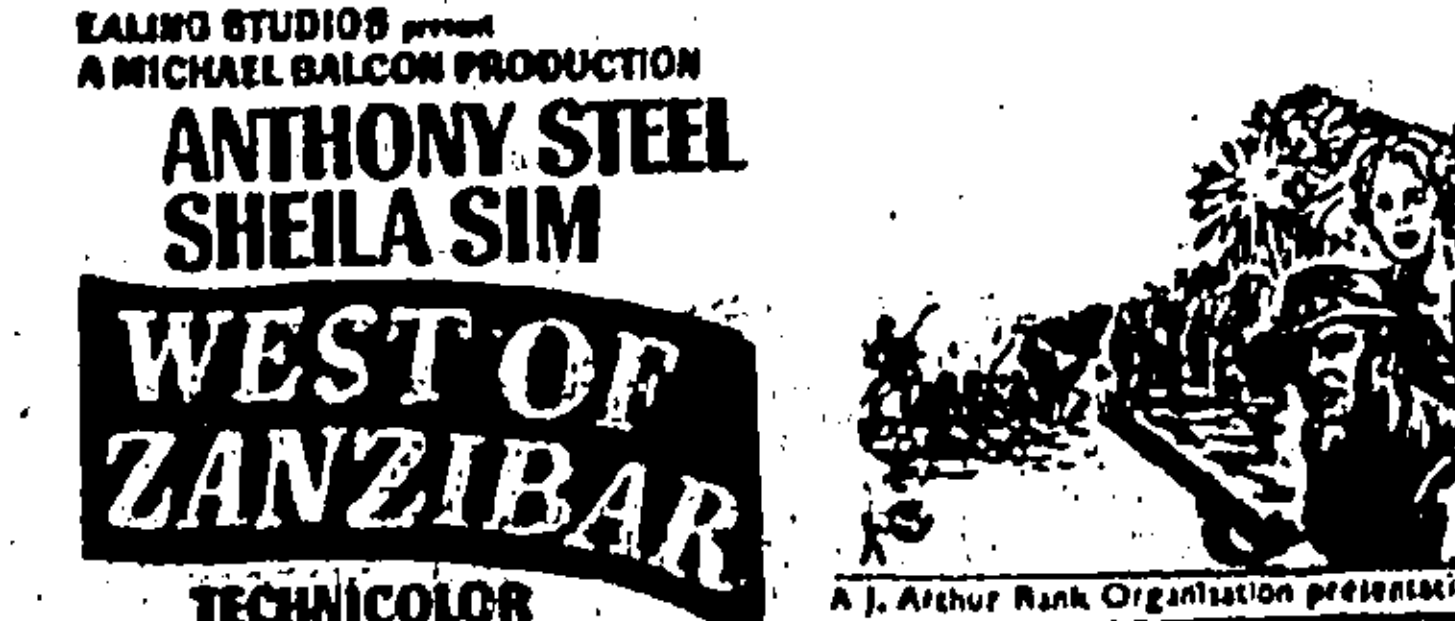
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CHARITY PERFORMANCE: All proceeds to be
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GARY COOPER in "HIGH NOON"
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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

How Gregory Peck, A Film Director And A Cheque Book Changed Youghal (Eire) Into New Bedford, Mass.

Even the "little people," the Leprechauns and the fairies, are learning to say "colossal" and "stupendous" in Youghal. For there hasn't been so much excitement in the town since Sir Walter Raleigh's housekeeper thought he was on fire when he was smoking his pipe and doused him with a bucket of water.

Tramcars Vie With The Earthquakes

Montreal. A Jesuit priest who operates a home-made earthquake recorder is having trouble with Montreal's street-cars.

The Rev. Maurice Buis, physics professor at St. Jean De Brebeuf College for 23 years, knew nothing about earthquakes two years ago, but during the past eight months he has charted tremors originating 12,000 miles away.

Installed in a basement room at the college is his seismograph, an instrument as sensitive as any in the world. Father Buis notes, however, Montreal isn't the best place to study earthquakes.

"Street-cars are the main trouble," he said. "They shake things up so much it's impossible to run the instruments."

The observatory opened here last November, after Father Buis borrowed several precision instruments from the Dominion Observatory in Ottawa.

This summer Father Buis plans to build a separate seismological station on the campus. It will be linked by teletype to Goodville Survey headquarters in Washington D.C., and will be in direct contact with the Dominion Observatory.

IN A DARK ROOM
At the college now are two vertical photographic seismometers and one horizontal electronic seismometer. A seismometer uses a pendulum to measure the force and duration of earthquakes.

The instruments rest in a darkened room on cement piles driven into bedrock beneath the college. When waves reach them they shake slightly, but the pendulums remain inert. Energy thus generated is transformed into electricity and a galvanometer measures the strength of the current.

This moves a beam of light over a slowly rotating drum of photographic paper. When developed, the path of light becomes a visible record of the earth's pulse.

Already quakes have been recorded, and on the first day the instruments were installed the entire course of an earthquake in Guatemala was charted.

Raleigh's residence, where the housekeeper helped launch, so to speak, the tobacco industry—and where Raleigh planted the first "Irish potato"—used to be Youghal's No. 1 tourist sight.

But that was before John Huston and Gregory Peck got here.

Villagers remembered the day well. Huston the tall, lean director of Moulin Rouge and other spectacular films, scanned the sleepy water front of the old port and announced: "This is new Bedford, Massachusetts."

"Poor man," murmured Seamus Kelly, mindful that they spent three days looking into the Irish tavern situation. Then, as drama critic and columnist for the Irish Times in Dublin, Kelly pointed out as his journalistic duty that it was not New Bedford, Mass., at all, but an old Irish seaport.

'I'll Make It'
"Seamus," said John firmly, "the trouble with New Bedford, Mass., is that it does not look like New Bedford."

Later he clarified this. He meant that it didn't look like the New Bedford of the whaling days of Herman Melville's whaling classic Moby Dick.

"Neither does Youghal," (pronounced Yaw) said Seamus. "I'll make it," said Huston, extracting a cheque book.

Youghal Invaded
Designers, technicians, carpenters and builders invaded Youghal, and the houses of the

market place were painted, re-tilled, sometimes rebuilt to resemble the town from where Melville's autobiographical character Ishmael set out to join the whaler at Nantucket.

Until a few weeks ago, it was a boast here that Sir Walter would have recognized the old place should he come back here 350 years after his head was chopped off at the Tower of London.

Now residents returning from visits to other parts of Ireland clutch each other in alarm until the transformation is explained to them.

But they quickly got used to seeing Peck stomp around with a false nose and a wooden leg. They learn that he is not playing the title part in Moby Dick. That's the name of the whale. Peck is Captain Ahab, its pursuer.

Kelly Shanghaied
As for Seamus Kelly, he wishes he had kept his mouth shut. Huston piled him with Gaelic coffee (heavily laced with a potent liquid) until he found himself shanghaied in front of a camera, clutching a contract for a leading role.

"I haven't the qualifications for an actor," protested Seamus. "You have for this role," said John, "you play a hard-drinking type."

So a star is born.—United Press.

A Starling's Squawk (Broadcast Over The Radio) Rids A Town Of A Starling Scourge (So The City Fathers Hope)

Creston, Iowa. Some people were sceptical, but others were convinced that the cry of a startled starling broadcast around town via radio, would rid Creston of its scourge of starlings.

A trial run of "Operation Starling" appeared successful to some residents but left others unconvinced.

"Starlings by the thousands descend upon this Southwest Iowa town (population 8,400) at dusk on summer evenings. Residents haven't been able to get rid of them."

So a starling was captured and its startled squawking recorded. Then the Chamber of Commerce announced plans to drive the birds away.

A local radio station will play the recording for five minutes at 7:55 p.m.

Loud As Possible
All residents have been asked to put their radios in their

windows and turn them up as loud as possible in an effort to rid the town of the birds.

A mass meeting was held recently in McKinley Park to demonstrate the plan.

E. M. Horning, the Manager of the radio station, played the recording over a loudspeaker mounted on his car. Within 16 seconds all starlings left the area.

Some residents were still sceptical. They wanted it tried in a more heavily-infested area. So the recording was taken to the West side where the starling population is greatest.

Out of Earshot
John Hall, Executive Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, said the birds left in a hurry and flew about two blocks away, where they couldn't hear the recording.

His Hobby Is Running A Museum

Elk Point, Alberta. One of Alberta's most interesting museums of historic relics is housed in "the Pioneer Museum", a 12 by 28 ft structure owned by a theatre operator in the town of Elk Point, 140 miles north-east of Edmonton.

Since he was a child, 83-year-old Steve Andrichak, intensely interested in Alberta's past, has gathered and dug along the valley of the North Saskatchewan River for relics which he now houses in his museum.

More than 1,500 persons have signed the museum's guest book and viewed a collection which includes an antiquated spinning wheel, a 1880 model R Wilson Flintlock rifle, powder horns, old muzzle loaders and many Indian relics.

Steve proudly displays the first motion picture machine ever to reach Elk Point—an old French projector made at the turn of the century. He also has a hand-cranked sewing machine which was in use in 1851, just before the treadle-operated machines came out.

INDIAN RELICS
In the department of Indian relics, Steve displays a wide assortment of arrow heads, tomahawks, stones used for pounding grain, and stone knives for cutting up game and preparing hides.

He has pieces from the unforgettable Frog Lake massacre in 1885 and the Old Fort George, built in 1792 and abandoned by 1801.

He also has an edition of the New York Herald, dated April 15, 1865, which features the story of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. Still in good working order is an old Edison phonograph which dates back to 1895. The recordings are cylinders.

For bird lovers, Steve plans to concentrate on an extensive drive to obtain stuffed bird-life of every variety.

JUST A HOBBY
Although Steve has spent his own money to buy a few of the old treasures, there is nothing commercial about the museum. Steve's hopes are to keep it "just a hobby." The well-oiled played collection has grown large and he expects to complete an addition to his present museum either by this summer or autumn.

Much of the collector's work consists of research for a large number of reference books. Old maps and old newspapers supply the necessary information. An almost every piece in his collection.

He offers the assurance of a good, safe home for any relics lent or donated to his museum, and will preserve pieces which would otherwise be hidden away in attics and basements.

Alberta has a confirmed guardian of irreplaceable folk-lore in the person of 83-year-old Steve Andrichak of Elk Point.—United Press.

Johannesburg.
Colonel L. Du Toit reported one of the four 2,000 pound cannons which have guarded the entrance of Cape Town since the days of the East India Company, has disappeared from the battery high on rocky Devil's peak.

The colonel wondered not so much who stole the cannon, but how?—United Press.

Atsugi, Japan.
A school teacher who spent three years recording the relations of colour to personality of 1,000 children, says youngsters favouring brown and blue eyes have "good personalities" and are apt to "succeed" in a false show of love.

Among the boys, she says, "blue eyes and green hair" are "good" and "blue eyes and red hair" are "bad."—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"I don't think our new cook is as good as Alice was—she won't play dead when Lester shoots her!"

'Poor Little Rich Girl' To Make Her Stage Debut

New York. Gloria Vanderbilt Stokowski, who already has a fortune, is about to seek fame as an actress on the summer theatre circuit.

The 30-year-old heiress to millions has been the central figure in several real life dramas, but her appearance on August 16 in the part of a princess forced to marry a prince will mark her debut on the legitimate stage. The role is in Ferenc Molnar's "The Swan."

Dropping the name of Stokowski for her professional career, she will appear as Gloria Vanderbilt at the Pocomo Playhouse in Mountain home, Pennsylvania, where soprano Margaret Truman made her stage acting debut a few weeks ago.

Ever since she was the centre of a widely-publicized bitter custody battle when she was 10 years old, the "poor little rich girl" has tried to keep out of the limelight, but with little success.

First there was the court fight between her mother, Mrs. Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, and her aunt, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. Her aunt won the battle after a good deal of scandal was aired in the courtroom, and her mother fought unsuccessfully all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court to win back her daughter.

The two Glorias remain estranged today. They last met a year ago in a restaurant and greeted one another coolly.

SELDOM SMILED
While young Gloria was growing up, scarcely a thing she did escaped public notice, including the fact that she seldom smiled. Every dancing partner was reported to be her dance partner, and she was billed years in advance as the future Queen of the debutantes.

When the time came for a debut, however, Gloria said she did not want one and was married at 17 to Pat De Cicco, an actor's agent twice her age. She settled down to domesticity, and her husband became known as "Pat De Cicco" in the Army as a private, and declared she wanted six children.

They were involved in several disputes, one over allegedly unpaid bills, and night club brawls. Gloria divorced him in 1945, when she was 31 to marry a still older man. She also inherited \$4,500,000 at that time. Gloria hoped to marry with a symphony orchestra conductor Leopold Stokowski, becoming step-mother to his daughter, who is just about her age.

Is Jazz Conducive To Dancing?

New York. Benny Goodman, back on Broadway with a new jazz sextet, said modern college students seem to prefer listening to jazz music rather than dancing to it.

Goodman said his daughter, a student at Stanford University, told him that she and her friends would "rather sit and listen." It may be, he said, that modern jazz "isn't conducive to dancing."

The former "King of Swing" now appearing at the Radio Station in New York has been in the city for a while to promote his new music to play with a symphony orchestra in the Hollywood Bowl.—United Press.

5 Shows To-morrow: 12.30—2.30—5.30—7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

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TYRONE POWER
SUSAN HAYWARD in "RAWHIDE"
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Anglo-U.S. Disagreement Over A 'Welcome' Sign

London. A cheery American signboard of welcome gave U.S. Air Force authorities and British civil aviation Ministry officials a bad time recently, it was revealed.

The signboard is used by American officials at Bovingdon, England, to greet American planes arriving at the air base there.

"The United States Air Force, Bovingdon, England, welcomes you," the huge sign reads. Officials tremble at the sight of an American plane arriving. They say if the plane is a British one, the sign is a plain statement of fact. But if it is an American plane, the sign is a statement of opinion. The British National Student Union, at the Bovingdon air base, after an American plane had

arrived. There was no time to remove the sign.

British police said the sign must go because it "may lead to misunderstanding." The Americans protested.

The British pointed out it was a British airfield. Police removed the sign and the Americans arrived without an American plane. The U.S. force continued to mill over the sign.

Today the sign was put in the Air Force's hands, and an American official conceded that "After all, it's not our sign."—United Press.

A school teacher who spent three years recording the relations of colour to personality of 1,000 children, says youngsters favouring brown and blue eyes have "good personalities" and are apt to "succeed" in a false show of love.

Among the boys, she says, "blue eyes and green hair" are "good" and "blue eyes and red hair" are "bad."—United Press.

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THE DUTCH BABY

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



LORD VIVIAN, London theatrical producer, who was found with gunshot wounds in his stomach and wrist in the garden of a cottage at Potterne, Wiltshire, recently. (Express)



HERE we have, in left-hand picture, what the well-dressed officer will be wearing in his mess in the evening, if an Army proposal goes through. In centre picture is a rival proposal from some officers. And the right-hand picture? That is the prewar officer's mess dress, variations of which are still worn in the elite regiments. The suggested new outfit has an ordinary dinner jacket with facings in regimental colours, detachable so the suit can be used on non-military occasions. (Express)



GILLIAN ARDIZZONE, niece of the artist Edward Ardizzone, who has just taken up modelling in London. She is 21 and says modelling is exciting but hard work. (Express)



COPY-CAT! That's my style! indignantly points out tousle-haired Shirley Hucklebridge, aged 12 months, to the hirsute Rags, an Old English Sheepdog, at a Bristol show. But Rags, at 15 months, is too much the thoroughbred to reply he had the style first. (Reuterphoto)

RIGHT: Bearded and sunburned, 25-year-old Sebastian Snow, Amazon explorer, arrives at London Airport after a trip during which he discovered a lost city in the Andes. Snow described the city as being three miles round the base wall and three-quarters of a mile from the wall to the summit. It is in very bad state, and Snow believes it to be pre-Inca. (Express)



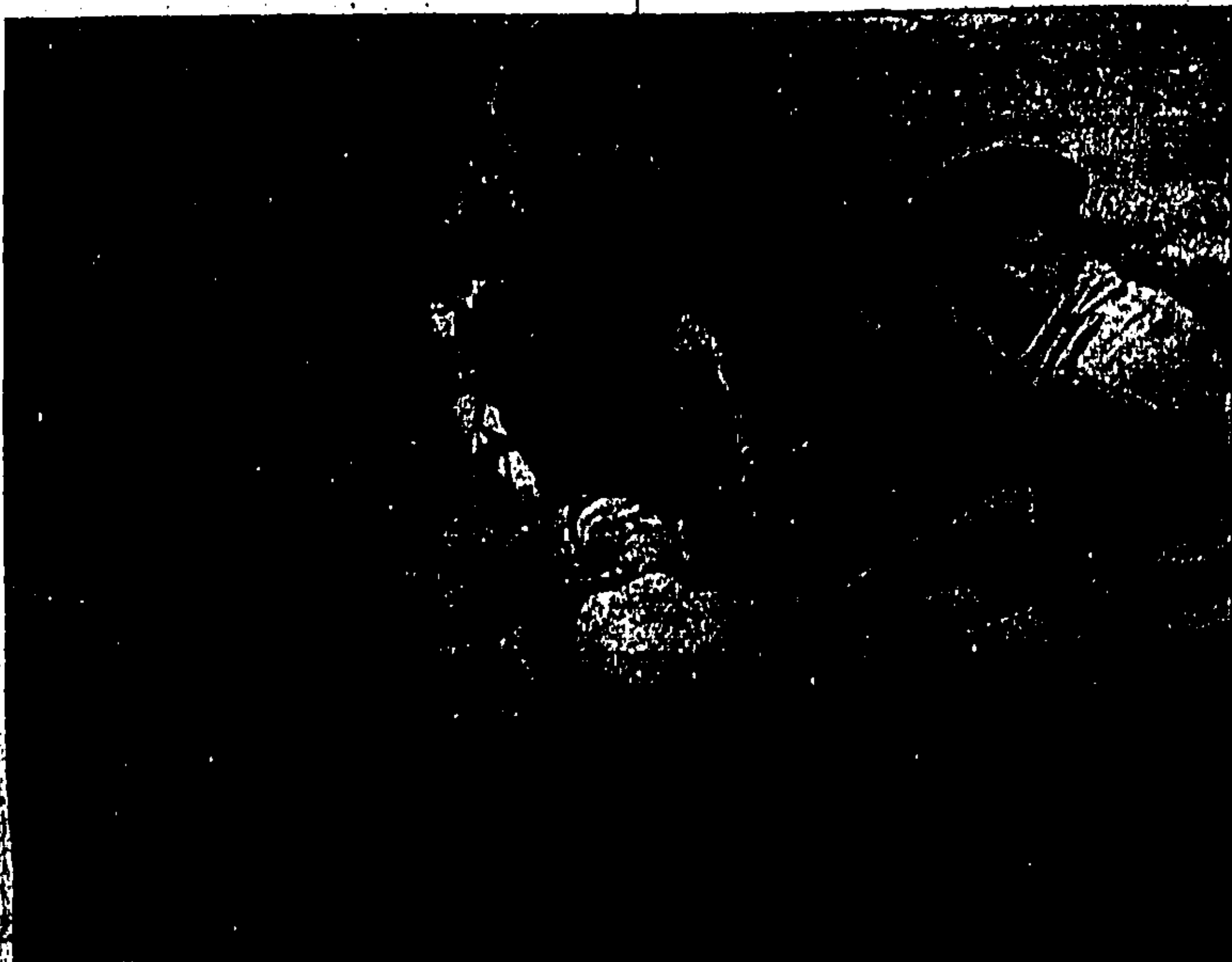
HOLIDAY girls enjoying themselves in the Lake District, watching the yachts on Lake Windermere against the lovely undulating backcloth of this beautiful corner of England.

BELOW: At the annual camp at Shorncliffe, Kent, of the TA Regiment of 57th Middlesex General Hospital. Most important part of the training is treatment of casualties in the field. Here a "blood transfusion" is being given to a man suffering an "abdominal wound."

RIGHT: The Sovereign's Parade at Sandhurst. In picture on left, the young Duke of Kent, taking part in the Parade for the first time, "eyes right" as his company marches past. In the other picture, Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery presents the sword of honour to Senior Under-Officer B. L. G. Kenny, of Chelsea, as the best cadet of the term. (Army News).



SIR Gordon Richards, the champion jockey who has announced his retirement, waves to other patients on leaving the Rowley Bristow Hospital, Pyrford, near Woking.

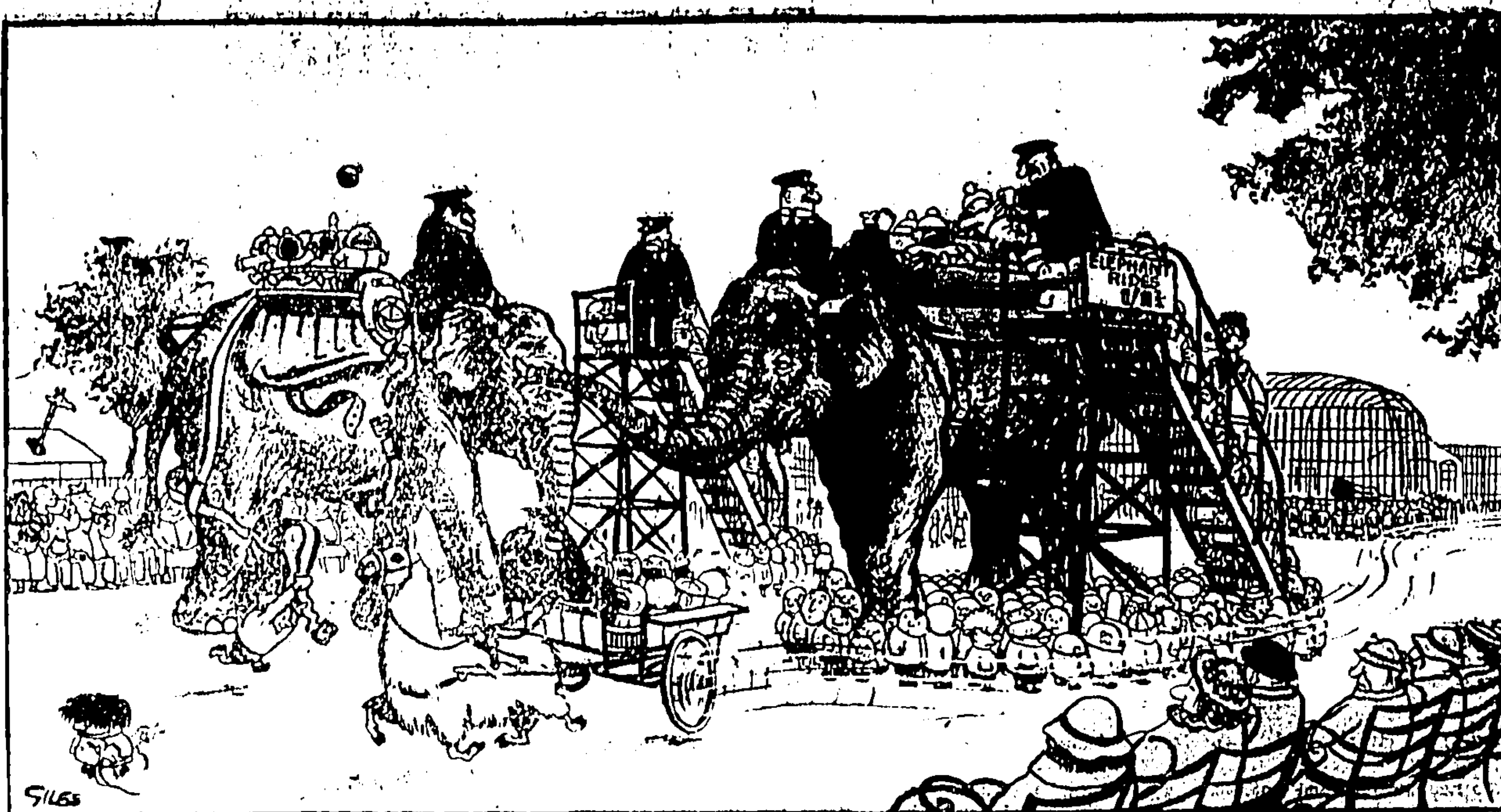


NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



DAIRY
1200
CHOCOLATES



"Want to make holiday headlines? Pick one up in your trunk and fling him over the lion house."

London Express Service

HE'S SIXTY BUT CAN'T STOP PLAYING TENNIS

By Tom Eyton

IN this retirement-conscious world where most men are approaching 60 long for cosy slippers and easy chairs, an occasional heretic sneers at the contented inactivity of his own generation by proving himself as fit and virile as those 30 and 40 years younger.

Such a man is Raul Canavaro, the 60-year-old tennis pro who says to return would kill him. Doctors and men of science have written thousands of words to prove that a man in his sixties should slow down. Take things easy, they say. Sit back and relax. Now perhaps that is sound advice to normal men but it doesn't apply to a human dynamo like Canavaro. At least not while he can still go on to the tennis courts and give a drubbing to men 40 years younger than himself. Most men his age are content to do nothing more strenuous than cultivate roses.

CRUSADE

It is almost as if he were trying to organise the over 60 brigade in a crusade, not only against the learned men who insist retirement is essential, but also against Old Father Time himself. Canavaro, much as he would like to, cannot put back the clock, but at least he is proving in the words of the songs "Just how happy one can be, doing what comes naturally".

To most men his age it has been a hectic day if they have a brisk walk to the club for a game of bowls. Yet Canavaro would think he was getting soft if he couldn't play tennis, one of the most strenuous of ball games, for several hours each week. He has been playing tennis for half a century now, and he looks good for another fifty years.

REWARDING

What has Canavaro achieved during his years of toil beneath the sun? Certainly not spectacular success. True, he has done exceptionally well in local tennis circles but he never impressed as a world beater. Yet he has served his sport well. Not as a crowd pleaser who earns a bubble reputa-

tion by sensationalism but in a more lasting and more rewarding way. Canavaro has exceptional gifts as a coach. His own personal skill and shrewd judgment, combined with the gift for imparting that knowledge, have enabled him to spread the Gospel of tennis to younger people. He has taught them the finer points of the game, breathing into them a little of his own enthusiasm.

I first met Canavaro at the Ladies' Recreation Club, one of the clubs at which he coaches. Arriving 15 minutes after his period of coaching was due to end, I thought by doing so he would have time in which to shower and change. But had he? No, not Canavaro. Two hours of coaching and a strenuous game beneath a scorching sun had not made him watch the clock. With beads of perspiration still on his brow he was deep in conversation with a young member. His face, so full of expression, showed that deep thought was being given to the question in hand—the vitally important problem of choosing the right tennis racket.

RIVAL

On the way to the changing room he gazed at the swimming pool which as the day was not full of young swimmers. He sighed and shook his head. I gathered Canavaro didn't like the pool. It was his rival. To him it was all a great conspiracy with the heat and the swimming pool working hand in glove against him and his beloved tennis. Together they were luring the youngsters away from the tennis courts, where they belonged, to the cool waters which Canavaro sincerely believes are only for mermaids.

A youngsters in his early teens came into the changing room. Canavaro continued to tell me about his playing days, but at the same time he watched the boy change. His eyes were hopeful. Would the boy change into shorts and plimsolls, brandish a tennis racket and go down to the nets and practice, or would he choose swimming trunks and a cool dip. To Canavaro the question was vitally important and when the pool won, he was hurt.

In explanation he said, "I don't mind them swimming, but . . . He sought for words, but obviously he just could not understand someone preferring swimming (or anything else for that matter) to tennis. Then as an afterthought it came to him: "Ah, the heat."

That is the secret of his vitality, the inability to believe in anything but tennis. Around this game revolves his whole life and he himself says without die. As a boy he fell in love with the game. As the years rolled by the fascination became stronger and more compelling. He has given it all he has . . . his reward has been the happiness in doing what he loves best. Fitness and health have come automatically.

Canavaro is a real-life Peter Pan. His body and brain have matured and reached manhood, but for all that he has refused to grow up. All boys find a hero whom they worship. Most likely he will be a great sportsman or a mountaineer, or a soldier. To him they give an unswerving loyalty and devotion and woe betide anyone so lacking in understanding as to attack this hero. Canavaro's hero was not a man but a game, and, unlike other boys, he never grew out of the phase in order to seek riches and power. The loyalty and devotion are there to this day for all to see.

Canavaro was born in Macao. His father was a Colonel and Raul has inherited the same military bearing. He soon took an interest in tennis and at the age of ten he decided to play the game, and play it well. He started to practice in the Army parade ground and after the soldiers had finished marching, young Raul, together with some friends rigged up a tennis

court. Two bamboo poles with a mosquito net slung between them made an admirable net and the necessary lines were just left to the imagination.

His early love of the game was enough to overcome all the difficulties and problems



Canavaro snapped on the courts this week. (Staff Photographer)

that face any youngster starting on what the "Old Man" thinks is just another craze. Did young Canavaro care if he couldn't play on a proper court? Did he mind the ball being old and soft or his racket being battered through years of service? Not a bit. It was fun to play. To hear the swish of the racket and the thud of the bat meeting the ball dead centre and sending it speeding over the net was all he needed to stimulate an enthusiasm which has never flagged or died.

He has a few words on retirement. "Retire!" he said, "when I put the question to him, bewilderment showed clearly on his face. There was a shocked pause. 'It would kill me,' he gasped. 'How could I do without tennis. I must keep on playing or I am miserable.'"

The Club Harmonia of Macao soon noticed the youngsters who were often seen playing on the Army ground and a kindly official invited the lad along for a game at the Club. Canavaro showed great promise and was allowed to play at the club quite often. He must have made the most of his opportunities for two years later, at the great old age of 12, he represented Macao against Hongkong University. Canavaro's memory is not so strong as his legs, and he cannot remember the exact score, but he does recall winning in two straight sets.

Thirteen must have been his lucky number for at that age he first won the championship of Macao. To qualify for the finals it was necessary to win three games and account for all the other contenders. Then, as in boxing, you challenge the champ. Canavaro held the championship until he left Macao to go to Shanghai in 1916.

Canavaro became a clerk in the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank. Still playing tennis as an amateur he reached the semi-finals of the Shanghai championship in 1916.

Canavaro was to play club tennis until he turned professional in 1932. His decision to join the paid ranks ended a long run of interport honours for he had represented Shanghai in all games since 1920. On turning pro he started a tennis school and at the same time took a job with a sports goods company. Here he was in his element, revelling amidst the very best equipment and showing the customers the goods best suited to their needs.

INVASION

He also tried his hand at promoting tennis matches and staged games between the Wimbledon stars Bill Tilden and Ellsworth Vines. Another tennis great, who teamed up with Canavaro was the French ace, Henri Cochet.

World War II and the Japanese invasion ruined Canavaro financially. When China was overrun, Canavaro, along with others, lost all he had. He had built his tennis school into a thriving concern and with plenty of pupils and with the support of influential people he was all set to reap the reward of years of saving, only to see it all smashed by the ruthless invader.

When Canavaro left Shanghai in 1948 he became coach at the LRC as well as several other leading clubs. And after seven years of teaching tennis in Hongkong he has very definite and decided ideas about the standard of play here.

EMPHATIC

"The material is there, but so, too, are the difficulties. The facilities are very poor. Young players are not encouraged to take up the game seriously. The older members always have first use of the nets. That is wrong."

Canavaro is most emphatic on this point. "Why should young boys and girls have to play in the afternoon when the sun is hottest, or late in the evening when it is too dark to see?"

Canavaro's greatest ambition is to show the younger generation how to get the best out of the game.

Canavaro says: "So many schools to teach little girls how to dance nicely, yet not one where youngsters can learn to play. A great game, the way in which it should be played."

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME

A self-winding, waterproof watch that acts as a stop-watch



A close-up of the Turn-O-Graph patented bezel. The triangle is turned until it is opposite the minute-hand. At any moment later, the time elapsed can be read on a glass scale opposite the minute-hand on the calibrated bezel. No need to remember what time an operation started. No calculations. The Turn-O-Graph will do it for you.

Thousands of men would like a stop-watch on their wrist. But the average stop-watch is a highly complicated instrument that may not always stand up to hard wear, and may need expensive servicing. It cannot be permanently waterproof—because of its push-buttons; it cannot be self-winding, because its hundred extra parts preclude the addition of a self-winding mechanism.

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HOW IT WORKS

Round the dial of the Turn-O-Graph is a patented rotating bezel, calibrated from zero to sixty, with a clearly visible red

triangle at zero. By turning the bezel so that the triangle is aligned with the second-, minute-, or hour-hand, you can quickly read off periods of time elapsed.

Alternatively, the red triangle on the bezel can be pre-set to show when an operation should start, or end, thus reminding you every one of the hundred times a day you look at your watch.

This simple, but remarkable, invention allows you to time anything—from the humble boiled egg to a trans-oceanic flight. There is no limit to the uses you will find for the Turn-O-Graph.

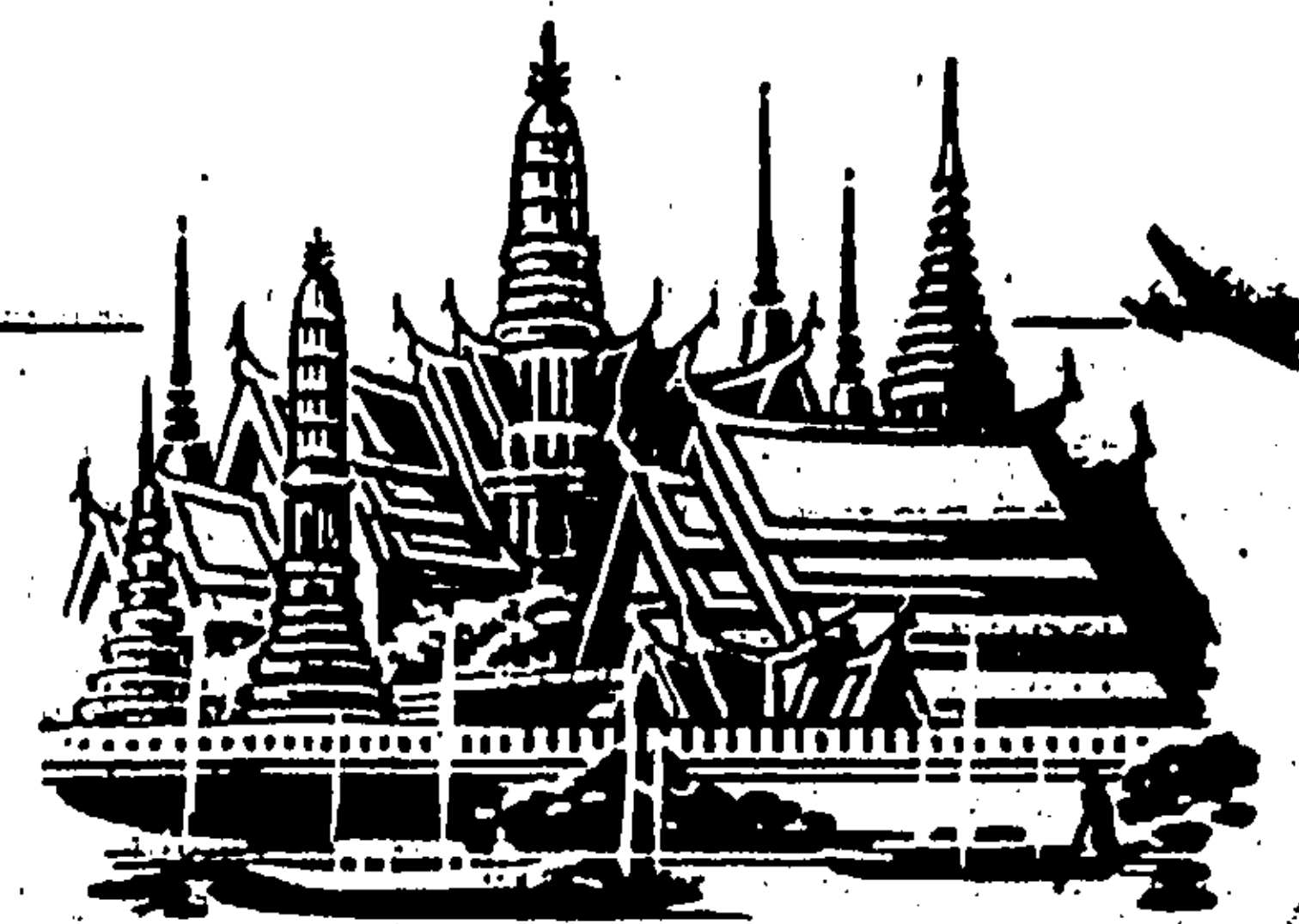
The Turn-O-Graph illustrated has an all-steel case with a jet-black dial. The sweep second-hand is equipped with a luminous tip. Also available with de luxe gold bezel and magnificent "honey-comb" white dial, and Officially Certified chronometer movement. Write for detailed, illustrated brochure on the Turn-O-Graph, or see it at your nearest Rolex Jeweller.

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ASK FOR IT BY NAME

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WING COMMANDER DOUGLAS BADER, the legless fighter ace with a reputation of invincibility, is shot down at last on a sweep over France. A prisoner in hospital at St. Omer, he takes stock of his position. He must let his wife, Thelma, know that he is still alive. And he must try to replace the metal leg he lost when his plane crashed. He solves both problems by asking the Germans to radio England for a new leg. Then he starts planning to escape and asks Lucille, a French girl working in the hospital, if she can help him. Meanwhile, the Germans find the damaged leg in the wreckage of Bader's aircraft and repair it.

IN the morning Lucille came in with the usual bread and corn coffee. The sentry lounged in the doorway.

Bader grinned a cheerful "Bon jour" at her, and then the grin nearly slipped as he felt her pressing a piece of paper into his palm. He closed his fingers round it and slid the clenched fist under the bedclothes. It was very quick. She said nothing, but her mouth lifted in a pale smile as she went out of the room. The door closed behind the sentry.

Half under the clothes, Bader unfolded the paper and read, written in French in a clear, child-like hand:

"My son will be waiting outside the hospital gates every night from midnight until 2 a.m. He will be smoking a cigarette. We wish to help a friend of France."

It was signed "J. Hicqueue."

He tucked the note in the breast pocket of the nightshirt and stuffed a handkerchief on top. It was red hot. Somehow he must get rid of it. He knew that the person who bravely signed a name to it was liable to death, Lucille, too.

Now how the hell to get out of the hospital? And he must get his clothes back! Couldn't walk round the town in a white night-shirt. Pretend he was walking in his sleep! With his legs sticking out under his night-shirt! Silly thoughts chased their tails in his head.

Must get clothes and must destroy the note. He had his pipe and matches. Reaching out he picked up his tin legs from the wall, lifted his nightshirt, strapped them on and walked out of the door. The sentry stood in his way. He pointed to the lavatory and the sentry nodded.

Inside the lavatory he closed the door, struck a match and burned the note, holding it by one corner till it was all wrinkled and charred, then dropped the ashes into the pan and flushed it.

Sentry gaped

WALKING back up the corridor, the sentry gaped at him all the way and he knew angrily and self-consciously how he looked in the nightshirt with the legs under the neck. It was then that the idea struck him.

When the doctor came in later, Bader said in a voice of sweet reason: "Look, I've got my legs back now but I just can't walk around in them with this nightshirt on. It's terribly embarrassing." He explained about the gaping sentry. "I'm sure you'll understand," he went on winningly. "I must have some clothes to wear. Even in bed this nightshirt's a

damn nuisance. It gets tangled up in my stumps."

The doctor looked professionally thoughtful and then smiled. "Oh, well, I suppose it is all right in your case. I will have your clothes brought to you."

Half an hour later a German nurse came in with his clothes, put them in a neat pile beside his bed, smiled briefly at him and went out.

Two young Luftwaffe pilots, who had visited him the previous day, came in again. The leader, who was Count von Sommersdorf, said: "It is good to see you on your legs again. Look, we have brought you two bottles of champagne. Will you come and drink them with us?"

They took him down a flight of stairs to the doctor's room, but the doctor was not there, just the three of them. The first cork popped. It developed into a cheerful little party.

Bader liked them both; they were "types" after his own heart and he would have liked to have had them in his wing.

"Soon you may have three legs," the Count said. "With the permission of Reichsmarschal Goering, the Luftwaffe has decided to give you a third leg. We have given them a

BADER DRINKS WITH THE LUFTWAFFE

... and asks for a flight in a 109

height and a course and a time to drop it over St. Omer."

Bader gave a rich belly-chuckle. "I bet they drop it with bombs," he said. "They don't need any unrestricted passage."

The Count grinned amiably and raised his glass. "We will be ready," he promised. "Let us hope the next leg will not be shot down."

There was another thing he said. The Oberleutnant Galland, who commanded at their airfield, Wissembourg, near St. Omer, sent his compliments to Oberleutnant Bader and would like him to come and have tea with them.

Bader was intrigued. It would be churlish to refuse, and in any case he would love to meet Galland (probably they had already met in the air). It brought a breath of civility lost from modern war. And it was a chance to spy out the country, to see the other side, life on an enemy fighter station, to weigh it up and compare it. Might get back home with a 109!

"I'd be delighted to come," he said.

"Good," beamed the Count. "A car will come for you."

Agreeably they finished the second bottle.

Officers' mess

A CAR came bearing a bald little engineering officer, who sat by him all the 15 miles to Wissembourg. It was a sunny day and it felt good to be out. They drove up in front of an attractive country farmhouse of red brick. German officers stood outside—it was the officers' mess.

As Bader got out a good-looking man about his own age, dark-haired and with a little moustache, stepped forward. He had burn marks round the eyes

REACH FOR THE SKY

By PAUL BRICKHILL

and a lot of medals on his tunic.

The Knight's Cross with Oak Leaves and Swords—almost Germany's highest decoration—hung round his neck. He put out his hand and said "Galland." Bader put out his own hand. "Oh, how do you do. My name is Douglas Bader." Galland did not speak English, and the engineering officer interpreted. A boy of others stepped forward in turn, clicking their heels as they were introduced. Galland led him off, trailed by the others, down a garden path lined with shrubs into a long low arbour. Bader was surprised to see it filled with an elaborate model railway on a big raised platform.

Galland pressed a button and little trains whirled past little stations, rattling over points, past signals, through tunnels and model cuttings. Eyes sparkling, Galland turned to Bader, looking like a small boy having fun. The interpreter said: "This is the Herr Oberleutnant's favourite place when he is not flying. It is a replica of Reichsmarschal Goering's railway, but of course the Reichsmarschal's is much bigger."

After playing a little while with that, Galland led him and the others several hundred yards along hedge-lined paths to the low, three-sided blast walls of an aircraft pen. In it stood an Me 109.

Bader looked at it fascinated, and Galland made a polite gesture for him to climb in. He surprised them by the way he hauled himself on to the wing-root, grabbed his right leg and swung it into the cockpit and climbed in unaided. As he cast a glinting professional eye over the cockpit lay-out Galland leaned in and pointed things out. Mad thoughts about starting up and slamming the throttle on for a reckless take-off surged through Bader's mind.

Lifting his head, he could see no signs of the airfield. He turned to the interpreter. "Would you ask the Herr Oberleutnant if I can take off and try a little trip in this thing?"

Galland chuckled and answered. The interpreter grinned at Bader. "He says that if you do he'll be taking off right after you."

"All right," Bader said, looking a little too eagerly at Galland. "Let's have a go."

Galland chuckled again and said that he was off duty at the moment.

As he stepped out of the 109, Bader looked across the country and saw the sea. Far beyond he thought he could glimpse the white cliffs of Dover.

The door opened

THEY had tea in the farm-house mess, waiters in white coats bringing sandwiches and real English tea (probably captured).

It could have been any of the other uniforms were wrong. The atmosphere was wrong, too, which was understandable. Everyone smiled, exuding good will, but it was a little strained and formal and the talk was stilted. With Galland there no one seemed to speak much.

Galland gave him a tin of English tobacco, and when he took him out to the car said: "It has been good to meet you. I'm afraid you will find it different in prison camp, but if there is ever anything I can do, please let me know."

He smiled warmly, shook hands, clicked his heels and bowed. At a discreet distance behind, everyone else clicked heels and bowed. Bader got into the car with the little engineer and they drove back to the hospital.

The engineer officer took him back up to the ward, shook hands, clicked his heels and bowed himself out. Then the door opened and a German soldier wearing a coal-scuttle helmet came in.

The soldier, who must have been awaiting his return, saluted and said in atrocious English: "Herr Wing Commander, tomorrow morning at eight o'clock you will be pleased to be ready because you go to Chermansky."

After the war Galland sent Bader a snapshot of the scene, and only then did he discover that a German officer beside the cockpit had been pointing a heavy pistol at him all the time he sat there.

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Next Wednesday: ESCAPE!

THESE SCOTS DON'T MIND LOSING MONEY HERE

By J. W. TAYLOR

WHEN the eighth Edinburgh international festival of music and drama opens on August 22, it is a foregone conclusion that it will be a triumph and a monetary loss as well, but the Edinburgh Scots don't mind.

There is more to it than mere financial success, for nothing has done more to add to the city's prestige in the arts than this "new Salzburg," as this ambitious venture was first called.

The attempt to display the arts on an unprecedented scale in Britain through this unique festival has grown in public favour at home and abroad to such an extent that, in its seven years of activity, it has come to rival in distinguished reputation the best of Europe's 50 or so annual festivals, such as Bayreuth, Salzburg, Prague, Brezgen, Florence and Cheltenham.

Each year it has grown in artistic merit and importance in the minds of the critics, artists and performers on all continents, always striving for the finest presentation of the old and new. This in a city which has no orchestra of its own or a full-time repertory company.

Each year the people of Edinburgh look forward to the Edinburgh best met these

Festival and a chance to hear and watch the stars of the arts from all parts of the world at their best, and each year they are disappointed. They are quietly ousted and swamped by tourists from all over the world and United Kingdom visitors.

The tickets are sold in blocks in many other countries. The cheapest opera seat is 8s. 6d; other theatre and concert hall seats are cheap at 2s. 6d., rising to 25s. other than box seats, depending on the type of performance.

IDEA'S ORIGIN

The idea of an Edinburgh Festival arose at a luncheon discussion in London towards the close of 1944 between Rudolf Bing, then general manager of the Glyndebourne Opera, and representatives of the British Council, part sponsors today. It was Bing's intention to present a festival of music and opera on an international footing in the United Kingdom. In addition to theatres, concert halls and space, he insisted that his location called for scenery, also and an atmosphere conducive to the arts.

All concerned agreed that the Edinburgh best met these

stringent requirements. Thus it was that on August 25, 1947, in the nave of St Giles Cathedral, state trumpeters sounded a ceremonial fanfare marking the launching of Edinburgh's first international festival of music and drama. Such a display of the arts had never before been attempted in Britain.

A wide variety of performances by the world's best orchestras, plays, films, ballets, operas and exhibitions were packed into three hectic weeks of art.

Among the thousands of festival fans, tourists and day-trippers who clamoured for tickets, hundreds were doomed to disappointment by the astonishing advance bookings from all parts of the world which soon snapped up the 180,000 tickets on offer. A number of the frustrated, however, comforted themselves with the thought that at least they were in Edinburgh during festival time, for to be seen in the city then was important to the highbrow.

On this score the festival was a resounding success, but the cost of staging and assembling such a display of talent made a financial loss a foregone conclusion. It was £20,777 down, and the maintenance of such

high standards meant further losses: 1949, £24,207; 1951, £38,934; last year £18,992. Donations from the Arts Council, the Scottish Centre, the city corporation, private contributors and revenue from the concurrent Military Tattoo have helped square the annual accounts.

HUMAN HAPPINESS

There has, however, been considerable improvement in the city's trade as the result of the Festival, particularly in the export market.

And to emphasize that the Festival is judged on artistic standards and not balance sheet results, here are the views in a nutshell of the Lord Provost:

"While it is the desire of Edinburgh... that the might become the stage of the artistic world, our Festival is not an Edinburgh project whose value is to be calculated in terms of money, nor is it a Scottish venture to be reckoned in dollars... nor a festival for the musical or artistic mob... nor reserved for the student seeking academic knowledge or learning. It is a festival for all in search of beauty... It is a festival for those who through the medium of the arts would seek to re-establish human rights and happiness in the economic and social world."

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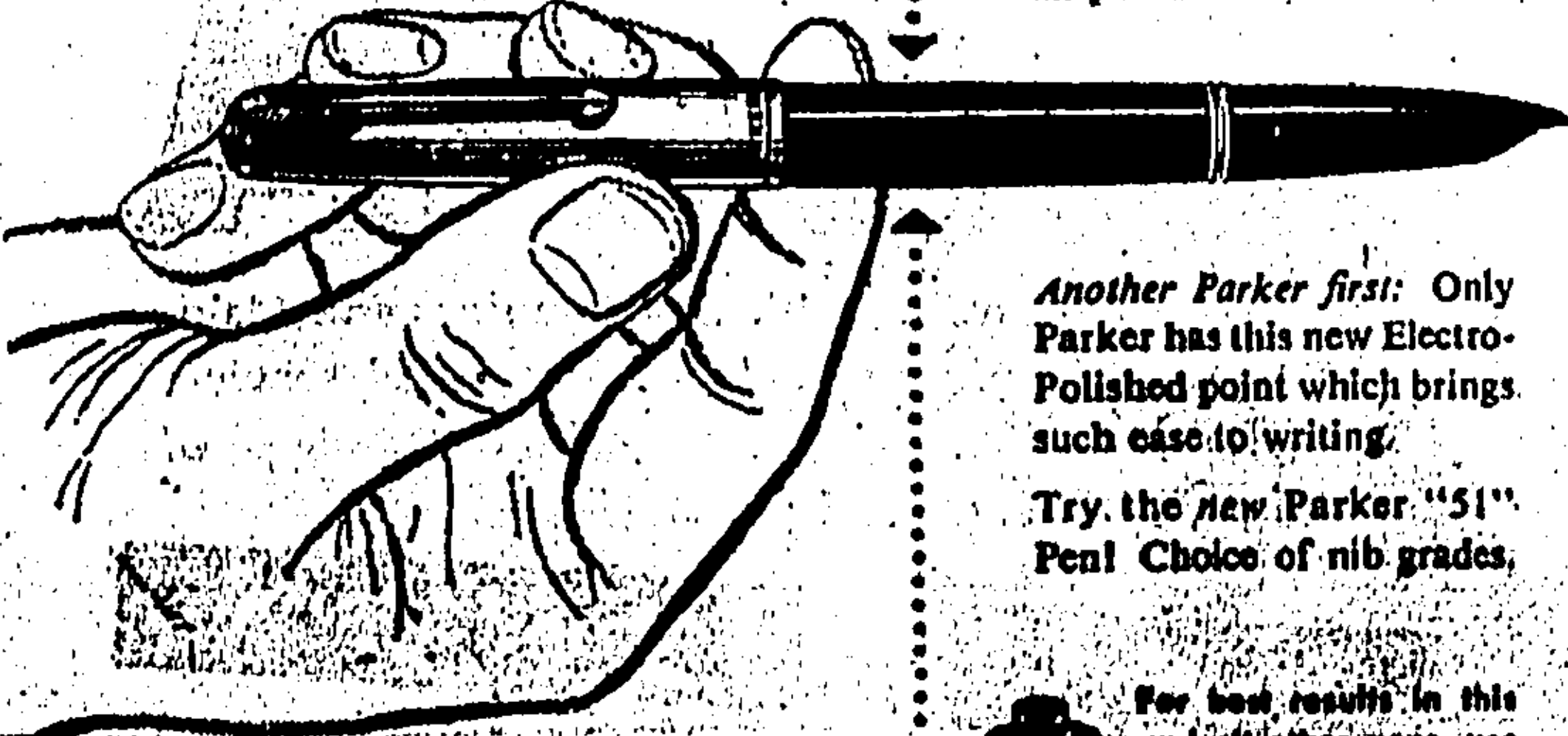
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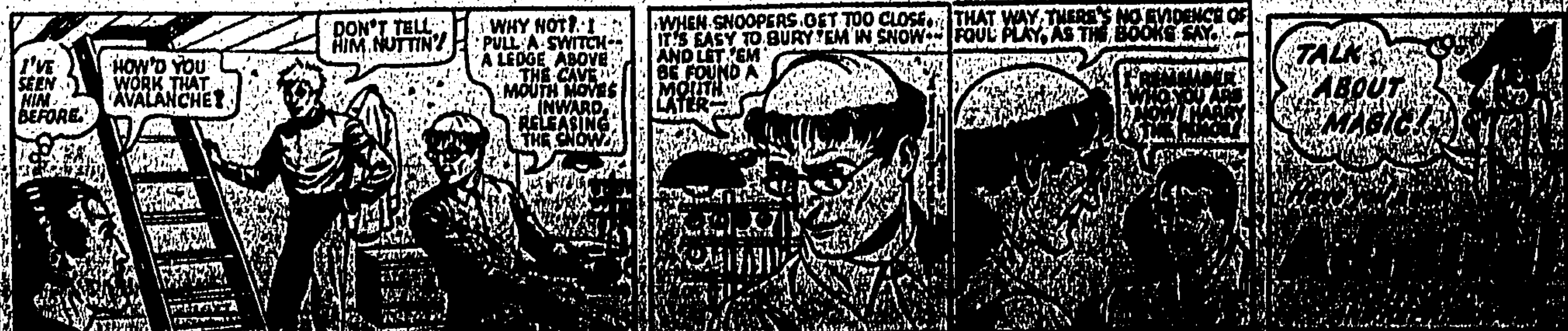
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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



• Dry-cleaner . . . Beer distributor . . . Restaurateur . . .
Hairdresser . . . Property owner . . .

... Shed No Tears For The Soft Shoe Shuffler

RAY ROBINSON, pinky-purple Cadillac and all, is shuffling the old soft shoe for upwards of £2,000 a week in Europe. The routine of his variety act is corny, the comedy trite, and the reward moderate compared with the dollar-million he stacked away from boxing.

But shed no tears for Sugar Ray — erstwhile Walker Smith, who danced in the gutter till a prize-fight manager taught him the know-how with his knuckles.

Robinson is doing all right. He told me so as we sat in his office—sorry, one of his offices—on the corner of 124th Street and Seventh Avenue, New York, the day before he left for Europe.

★ Had to win

Yes, said the manicured and barbered chief of Ray Robinson Enterprises, Inc., these were busy times. He has some 300 or 400 (he is not sure which) employees helping him to distribute beer in 36 states to the tune of £250,000 a year; he owns half a block in Harlem, a near-millionaire menage in the Bronx, a restaurant that takes £50,000 a year, a seven-stool barber shop with haircuts at 7s. a time, a dry-cleaning outfit, seven five-storey apartment houses, and a lingerie shop for his wife.

Yes, said Mr. Robinson, he also has a memory occupied principally and augustinally by two young men—one whose name he never knew and the other whose name he will never forget: Randolph Turpin.

"I am 34 now," said Robinson, "and that makes it just 16 years ago since I beat a boy at Madison Square Garden to win a Golden Gloves amateur championship. Up till then I was a nobody, but winning that title meant I was a somebody, with a name people would remember when they heard it. Man, I felt good. In fact, I never felt so good again till I won back the middleweight championship of the world from Randy Turpin."

"Man, that was a near thing, but I just had to win. When I lost that title to Randy in London two months before, it meant I was just another ex-champ. They're a dime a dozen.

by George Whiting

I never figured things to be that way.

"Sure, I lost a cruiserweight shot to Joey Maxim, but I ended up as middleweight champion. That Turpin sure made things tough though. You should know how tough. You were there both times."

Yes, I was there, striving to preserve the impartiality of a reporter as Turpin swept to convincing victory at Earl's Court, London, in July, 1951—and then was hammered into swivel-eyed defeat against the ropes in a Harlem holiday at New York's Polo Grounds 64 days later. Both times Turpin winked at me before he and I went to the ring—just as he had done as a goliath-topped kid, punching noses for medals at the age of 14. Ah, me . . . times change.

"I don't remember too much about the actual boxing in that first Turpin fight," said Robinson. "No? Allow me to refresh his all-too-convenient memory. Let me remind him that Turpin beat him all ends up and in every phase of the fight—in initiative, in strategy, in timing and direction of punches, and in the quick perception that brings with it the inside berth in nearly every clinch."

★ Greatest win

Turpin marched that night to the greatest win British boxing has known since the war. His left hand, flashing "old-fashioned" straight leads at Robinson's surprised and twisted face, was magnificent.

After commendably brief preliminaries, I recall, Turpin began with a right that landed near Robinson's kidneys and earned reproof from referee Eugene Henderson. But that was the last we saw of kidney punches, save for one accidental right-hander from an instantly apologetic Robinson.

Nothing doubtful or dirty about that fight. No knock-downs, either. And no blood—until the seventh round, when Robinson showed up from a clinch with an inch-long slit on his left eyebrow. What a pun!

that red gash aroused in the Robinson corner. How those accords fumbled for the potent solution that is strictly (and sensibly) forbidden to British boxers whose eyes are cut. Why, at one period Robinson was grabbing the towel and wiping his own blood away—an unprecedented chore in a usually so slick American corner, and one that we would do well to remember when we criticise the allegedly allphoned seconding of our own champions.

Eighteen thousand win-starved Britons burst into spontaneous song as Turpin's hand was held high as the new middleweight champion of the world, on points. The last I saw of Robinson that night he was weeping bitter tears at his dressing-room table. The last I saw of Turpin, he was telling his relations not to get excited over what, a modest, youthful head supper in a Strand hotel.

★ Ring tragedy

Two months later it was the Americans—60,000 of them—who were singing. The Britons, numbered bravely in their hundreds out there on the Polo Grounds of New York, were silent—tight-lipped witnesses of a ring tragedy which, to this day, I wear should never have happened.

Why, why, why did Turpin neglect the patent left hand that had jabbed and subdued a rampaging Robinson into a wide-open target in London? Why, why, why did he not take the nine seconds' rest that the laws of boxing permit a man who has been knocked off his feet? Why, why, why did he not call up his boxing brain when, in that blistering tenth round, he again tipped Robinson's left eyebrow wide apart? Why, why, why did he forget to duck? Nobody has the answers . . . least of all Turpin.

For nine rounds those 60,370 spectators, shepherded by grey-shirted cops, fed by peanut vendors, pestered by beggars and ticket-touts, and studded with Hollywood starlets, oil kings and millionaires, had watched Turpin as a man. More than hold his own, some of us thought.

Three minutes later, he was no longer middleweight champion of the world—but a beaten, demused young man in an alien ring.

The end was upon us with shattering dramatic suddenness. Turpin shot yet another short, jolting right cross—and his glove came back carrying crimson evidence of a successful mission from his opponent's left eye. A desperate Robinson, black hair still and brown face flecked with blood, look one startled look at manager George Gairford in his corner—and then leapt forward like a wounded animal.

A vicious right hook to the heart, another to the chin—and Turpin, caught with his arms down at the moment of what should have been his greatest triumph, went bowling over backwards on to the floor.

★ Bewildered

At "three" he twisted round on his knees and gave two shakes of a head wherein his brain belatedly registered the fact that he was on his feet—an open, ungaurded target for a venomous Robinson whose fighting instinct told him that now, or never, must this Englishman be struck down.

A humbled, bewildered Turpin backed away on jelly legs and after half an hour Robinson, poised for the kill, hooks, jabs, uppercuts, and every known variety of punch descended on the luckless Turpin, availing defensively with flaccid and undisciplined muscles on the ropes.

I counted 20 power-packed punches as Robinson thundered at heart, ribs and lungs. Then came the bounding figure of referee Ruby Goldstein, flinging his lumpy little body across the ring, ordering the frenzied Robinson away, and wrapping protective arms round Turpin in a gesture of compassionate rescue.

★ Can't forget

Thus did Sugar Ray Robinson, generally conceded to be the most versatile fighter, pound for pound, of this or any other time, snatch swift and well-merited victory from what many of us at that time believed was impending defeat.

Ray Robinson, dancer, vaudeville actor and man of property, fingered the scarcely visible scar over the eye that Turpin twice slashed open.

"How can a man forget that kind of a fight?" he asked me. "Perhaps you can think of an answer."

Next Saturday:
THE CINDERELLA MAN

NEW-STYLE PACT FOR ASIA

By JAMES WICKENDEN

GENEVA silenced the troops to operate on Asian soil without arousing cries of "Western imperialism" or "colonialism."

Communist organisations have concentrated on this week spot by such moves as the minor unrest in Singapore against military registration and the present anti-Formosan propaganda.

But in Malaysia such moves cannot alter the fact that there are already more than 63,000 men under arms there with sufficient battle experience to qualify them as first-class anti-guerrilla fighters. Although not organised in large formations, they form a valuable reserve. With a population of about six million, of which a high proportion is of military age, Malaysia could probably trouble her force without dislocating her labour strength.

To meet it Britain is expected to go ahead with SEATO even if India refuses to back it.

First signs of the cold war are seen in the attacks on the Siamese government by ex-Siamese Premier Nai Pridi, one time colourful spy of the West, now writing for Peking papers.

And Peking is intensifying its propaganda onslaught against Asia's strongest non-Communist outpost, Formosa.

CLEAR IDEA

This is probably due to the morbid Chinese fear that somehow America will create bases and new forces in these territories close to the freshly-won Communist state of North Vietnam.

The theory is that America might shift Formosan Chinese troops to Siam and so stiffen morale among Chinese population—the largest overseas Chinese colony.

Apart from the problem of raising forces, Britain has worked out a clear idea of the sort of pact Asia must have to maintain peace. It must have a hard core of military strength.

But the next phases of anti-Communist effort is expected to be on the ideological front. Consequently, there must be greater effort to strengthen Asia against Communist propaganda.

How this vast and explosive subject can be handled between the signatory powers to a SEATO poses a novel problem for the free world. It implies a new kind of collective security, with no resemblance to the purely military system of NATO, or the purely economic arrangements of the Colombo Plan.

Finally, in her consultations with all interested countries, Britain is believed to be emphasising that the pact must be anti-Communist but not anti-China. The creation of a power bloc whose object could be construed as hostility to China would run counter to Britain's concern to achieve a proper diplomatic understanding with the new Asian power which has come to stay in world affairs.

By whipping up enthusiasm for an invasion of Formosa, China presumably hopes to tie down Nationalist Chinese troops in defence of their island base and prevent them being used as a mobile strategic force in other parts of Asia.

China obviously realises that one of the West's biggest problems in forming a security pact is to find



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NATURE'S POISON PUNCHES

TOADS BELONG TO THE EXUDERS

By IVAN T. SANDERSON

NOT a few old wives' tales are turning out to be true, or to be based upon facts that were previously misinterpreted or exaggerated. It now turns out that the toad is poisonous, and that it may cause some types of warts.

Toads are a kind of frogs, despite anything you may believe to the contrary. The ordinary species we see hopping about forms a rather special group with dry, rough skins, and comparatively short back legs in contrast to the slippery skins and long, leaping legs of other frogs. But there are hosts of species in tropical countries that are quite intermediate and could just as well be called frogs or toads.

Toads eat insects, worms, and other small creatures and even catch mice. They are very useful creatures, since they keep down insect pests, and the giant, so-called marine toad has been introduced into almost every hot country in the world to keep down mosquitoes.



The harmless-looking toad is capable of secreting a poison harmful to animals when bitten.

From them a white milky substance may be squeezed, though I got a great shock in South America once when I prodded a huge, smooth-skinned, cream-coloured toad that I had found in a hole at the top of an 80-foot tree. Its glands immediately dribbled a strange, ruby-red fluid that smelt like garlic, was stickier than rubber cement and was not blood. Some toads can even squirt these secretions from their glands.

Nobody today has either the inclination to bite a toad, or the necessity of doing so—not to mention eating one whole! In bygone times, however, the latter practice was quite common in some countries because witherit was widespread. Primitive religions often required the ceremonial eating of all manner of strange things, and medicine did likewise.

However, toads are highly poisonous. First, the milk in the glands—known chemically as bufonin—is a powerful poison that can cause severe cramps and a rapid heart failure.

smaller animals. Secondly, other glands about the skin secrete a kind of slime which is equally toxic, causing paralysis.

Toads do not use these poisons offensively. They are perfectly safe to handle at all times and there is no danger even if a little of their milky gets on your skin. If any small animal bites a toad it suffers very badly. Dogs' mouths swell up and bleed, and they may vomit excessively and even die. Injected directly into the bloodstream, the poison is instantly fatal, and we may presume that a mixture of bufonin and the secretion of the skin glands in sufficient quantity would kill a man. Toads, nevertheless, make delightful pets and cannot bite.

There remains the question of warts, and here we encounter one of the most controversial matters ever devised by man and beast, and which has become almost hopelessly involved. It is probably all based in extremely ancient times, when primitive man employed quite another kind of toad to that of the present-day scientific thinking.

A certain kind of goose is to this day called a "barnacle goose" because, before men found its breeding grounds, they thought it was hatched from a barnacle shell. The reason they thought this, moreover, seems quite idiotic to us. It was simply that the fleshy part inside the big ship barnacle—which is actually related to crabs and lobsters—look rather like a tiny goose, plucked except for its wings and curled up ready to go into the pot.

Similarly, the knobs on a toad's dry skin, at least on the common species found in Europe, greatly resemble warts on a human hand, and people immediately associated the two. When the toad was discarded as the arch venom in the witch's brew, its propensity for causing warts was also dismissed. Modern research in skin cancer, however, has brought forth the fact that bufonin injected under the skins of experimental animals acts as a virulent and lasting irritant that may give rise to permanent wart-like growths and eruptions. Nor is this all.

While some people used to contend that toads were venomous and poisonous and caused warts, others believed that they possessed all kinds of medicinal properties, including the ability to cure warts. If tightly bound to the afflicted skin for some time. It now appears that the secretions of the other skin glands of these animals do have properties that may be useful in medical treatment and even in certain skin afflictions.

Various and murky old wives may therefore have been correct about toads—and in more ways than one—so if the practice of getting poisonous toads to cure warts has been discarded, perhaps the toad's medicinal properties are still valid.

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The Stars Like Roughing It In Comfort

With Les Armour In Britain Today

Youghal, (Elre). The film stars who have come here to act in exterior scenes for the £1,000,000 production of "Moby Dick" believe in roughing it at five-star hotels.

The story of the film is one of hardship. But actors Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart and Leo Genn were not putting up with the rigours of living in this small, run-down seaside town.

The stars, up production personnel and guests are more comfortably lodged in Cork, the nearest big town, which is an hour's journey from the location. Every day a fleet of fast cars take up 60 miles (cost, 1s. 1d. a mile) to and from Youghal.

He insists

But apparently Cork, too, lacked some of the necessities of life. Producer-director John Huston, reputed to earn more than £1,000 a week, got the plumbers to install a private bath and shower for him at his hotel.

That's something he always insists on having, wherever he goes," explained his production manager.

The people of Youghal are still enthralled by the "Moby Dick" invasion. It has turned their town into a temporarily flourishing tourist centre. A disused hotel has been divided, the quayside cleared of grass, houses converted to look

The "Moby Dick" town had never seen such money — until John Huston and company arrived. Spending rate — £500 an hour. Filming rate — behind schedule . . . of course.

By MALCOLM MATHESON

like New Bedford of the last century. Four boats of that period are in the anchorage. Nothing like this has happened since Gabriel Pascal took a pyramid to Egypt.

The townsfolk have never seen so much money. The cost of this fantastic location is about £500 an hour. One hundred and fifty of the local people are earning 32s. 6d. a day as extras. The public-houses — one renamed The Moby Dick — are open from 7 a.m. until midnight, and doing a roaring trade.

Producer-director Huston has the help of a production supervisor, a production manager, an assistant director, a personal secretary, an adviser on whaling, an adviser on sea shanties, and a naval captain.

But while Youghal is thrilled with the stars, the stars soon became very bored with Youghal.

No roulette

Gregory Peck has fled back to London to escape from the over-eager fans. The others are still coping bravely with the autograph hunters, the amateur photographers, the Irish whisky and the British cooking.

This is not one of those places where local colour and folk graces are served up simultaneously. There are no diversions like

roulette or big-game hunting, which other Huston locations have been known to provide. Time has had to be killed more prosaically than that.

But practical jokes — putting freshly cracked fish in producer Huston's bed and empty bottles in Leo Genn's — have been keeping everyone but the recipients highly amused.

Chefs fly out

Filming is, of course, behind schedule. So in Fishguard, South Wales, scene of the next location, a 54-room hotel with a staff of 30 is standing empty, awaiting the arrival of the film unit. This hotel was taken over by the "Moby Dick" company, reconditioned and furnished at a cost of £15,000. Two Continental-trained chefs are being flown from London to look after the cooking. The film-makers will stay there six weeks. Nobody quite knows what will happen to it after that.

Most of the filming at Fishguard will take place on board a three-masted sailing vessel which has been converted at a cost of £60,000 to look like a 19th-century whaling schooner. This is the Pequod, now anchored at Youghal.

I have been over this ship which must be one of the costliest props ever. On deck everything is in period. The tiller is



JOHN HUSTON
a private shower.

made of a whale's jawbone and skull.

But below deck there is evidence of progress. There is found a refrigerator, electric heating in the stars' dressing-cabins, and radio-telephones. And an engine-room.

One-time barrister, Leo Genn, went into training for his role as first mate and has lost a fair amount of weight.

He said wistfully: "My ambition is to play Lionel Barrymore parts. Those you can do sitting in a wheel-chair. After 'Quo Vadis' and 'The Red Beret' I've had enough of action pictures. I'm getting too old for this sort of thing."

"This is like life in the Army. You spend 90 percent of your time eating, preparing, and waiting—for the few moments of action. And then if you're not ready for it at the moment of action, you're a dead duck."

Huston strolled past us on the quay calling Iris. He was looking for Iris Ledebeur, daughter of Sir Beecham Tree, now married to actor Friedrich Ledebeur, playing a cannibal Indian in the film.

"Iris," said Huston, "how would you like to be an actress?" Iris Ledebeur said she wouldn't mind being an actress. She had arrived the previous night from California.

"All right," said Huston, "I want you to hand out Bibles as the men go aboard the Pequod."

He turned to the production manager: "Have a car take Countess Ledebeur to wardrobe and dress her in something seaworthy. Black would be the right colour. Straight away."

That is how you get into pictures. Sometimes.

Advice

In a few days' time the film unit will move out of Youghal. And life will return to normal. Or will it?

When John Huston goes filming, other producers go, too. Youghal could become one of the boom towns of the modern location-rush.

So a piece of advice for the rural district council. If you want the stars to stay here, don't forget about those private showers and the folk grass. These citizens of Hollywood like to feel at home.

Let's Stay Inefficient

London. loose a lot more citizens for productive work. As it happens, Britain has only 488 self-service stores (with an average turnover of £35,000 each). On the other hand, we have 60,000 tiny shops which do an average business of less than £500.

ing corkscrews or desligning corsets.

But the corner shop and the village store are much more than "retail trading establishments." There are repositories for the latest information about Mrs Glott's baby's cough, manufacturers of misinformation about the future state of the weather, and points for the exchange of caustic comments about the eternal "they" who run the world.

The shopkeeper, undisturbed by any very constant clanging of the cash register, has time to sit and think, time to sift the sands of a whirling world — and time to give every customer that pleasant feeling of well-being which comes from being recognised as something more than a potential purchaser of a packet of throat lozenges.

As for the barrow boy, he is the colour and spice of every street corner — a seemingly carefree soul who reminds us that, after all, we aren't inevitably bound by the chains of an unyielding machine.

Long may we stay inefficient.

As it is, we can safely expect a learned pronouncement by at least one of them to the effect that "the prevailing inefficiency of retail distribution can only be regarded as a marked depreciant to the national standard of living."

If the same economist finds out that the nation sports 6,600 "street traders," he will almost certainly add that "the high degree of potential mobility shown by a sizable section of the trading community may be taken as an indicator of the disequilibrium normal when regulatory tendencies are thwarted."

By the first outburst, he will mean simply that if we went in for the self-service supermarket and department store game in a rather bigger way we could turn

All very alarming.

But the economist can go on talking until he is as old as King Tut without much improving his chances of converting the average Briton.

No doubt a shop with an average turnover of under £500 is not an economically sound employment for a citizen who might be devoting himself to manufactur-

A Chairborne Fatness

A GENT who describes himself frankly as "chairborne civil servant, middle-aged, with rapidly increasing waistline," says he "would be grateful for genuine and reasonable suggestions as to how to reduce it."

Moreover, he has paid, by our reckoning, £3 for the privilege of having this plea inserted in the public prints.

It may be fairly assumed, therefore, that he is not being funny.

And it is clear enough that he is not looking for side cracks like "quit the Civil Service and go to work."

Well-thought-out advice such as "campaign to have the salaries of chairborne civil servants reduced so that they can't eat so much" will probably not meet with better reception.

But there is something in the idea. After all, if this man is driven to such desperate lengths by his waistline, it is not unfair to cherish a suspicion that numbers of his fellow civil servants are in the same unhappy predicament.

He plainly thinks that being a civil servant (chairborne) has something to do with it. Otherwise he would not have squandered seven shillings on including the description. The words are not popular ones in the vocabulary and they will win him no sympathy.

But the admission is not surprising. Fatness and civil service have always gone together — though most people have assumed that the fatness is a fatness of the head and not of the stomach.

At last, however, it is part of the public record — there to be pointed at with fingers of scorn.

And it behoves all right-thinking citizens to come to the rescue of these poor devils.

The solution is not so difficult. Chairborne civil servants might well spend two or three days a week doing the appropriate kind of manual labour. Ministry of Works men could dig drains on Tuesdays and Saturdays; Board of Trade workers might turn to in Trafalgar Square twice a week and sell hand-painted ties to visiting Americans; the Treasury's men could report for work at the Royal Mint and make an honest dollar now and then.

This would also have the merit of ensuring that civil servants had at least a vague idea of what the real world is all about.

If bureaucrats at the Ministry of Housing, for instance, had built a house or two they might know that a house was something you lived in and not a form you filled in.

The day might even come when the Department of Inland Revenue realised that money was not just made for the tax collector.

Those Affectionate Snores

HUSBANDS who emit a noise like a buzz saw in collision with a jet plane during their slumbering hours ought to be proud of themselves.

If a helpful thesis suggested by Dr Arthur Braithwaite has any validity, this grizzly sound is an indication of the purest manhood.

"The theory," reports the doctor, who ranks high among the mighty of London's Harley Street, "is that men made that horrible noise (in cave-man days) to keep slight marauders away from the den."

He then goes on to suggest that the matter ought to be explained to complaining wives, "who might regard snoring as a sign of deep affection."

The idea may not be particularly good. The wife may only conclude that she has been subconsciously mistaken for a marauding rhinoceros.

Nevertheless, this sort of argument has its possibilities.

Husbands who regularly omit to light the fire in the morning can explain, with equal plausibility, that their lapses are due solely to a subconscious throw-back to primitive days when a fire was a dead give-away to a prowling enemy.

Abused for spending an hour or two too many in the local, the offending male can justly claim that his old nocturnal hunting instincts were simply too much for him.

Alternatively, it pestered to take his spouse to a movie, he

can assert that, with his strong flow of innate emotion, he feels uncomfortable about going out at night and leaving the cave unguarded.

Nor has the wife a chance if she should be so rash as to suggest that the head of the household ought to go out and mow the lawn. She will only be told that a healthy growth of hay and weed in the yard is admirable cover should it be necessary to avoid advancing elephants.

But it will all come to nothing. Woman, as always, will have the last word when she explains that HER primitive instincts are such that she is unable to extend her culinary abilities beyond roasting an ox whole on a spit.

By Frank Robbins

Breath Of Life Caused Blindness

OXYGEN IS NO NEW "WONDER DRUG." It is as old as life itself. It is life itself.

It has helped men to climb Everest; to explore the silent world beneath the sea. It has saved the lives of countless people with chest and heart diseases.

But it is also a major cause of blindness in children today.

A team of British scientists published the shocking proof only this month. There is the dramatic ending to the most fantastic detective story in modern medical history.

It began in the 1930's when doctors discovered that oxygen used immediately after birth could give premature babies fresh hope for a normal life.

By A MEDICAL CORRESPONDENT

ONE day in 1942 in Boston Lying-in Hospital, America, a baby was born months before its time. It was placed in an oxygen tent—a routine process used to help prematurely born babies to develop into normal, healthy children.

Through the windows of the white tent doctors watched the tiny infant make good progress—until a few weeks after birth.

Then it went blind.

Ophthalmic surgeon Dr Theodore Terry examined the baby's eyes and found the cause of blindness was a curtain of fibrous tissue behind each lens. It was a condition he had never come across before. He called it retrolental fibroplasia.

Soon hospitals all over the world were reporting cases.

Doctors had two slender clues to work on; retrolental fibroplasia usually set in a few weeks after birth; the smaller the baby the greater seemed the risk.

The doctors tested all the possibilities — except oxygen. But none of their theories fitted.

They were baffled. And their bewilderment turned to alarm. Retrolental fibroplasia—or RLF—as it came to be called — was spreading at a terrifying rate.

Not until 1951, nine years after the first reported case, did oxygen become a definite suspect. Then the American Dr R. S. Brewster reported that the cause was too little oxygen.

In Australia, Dr Kate Campbell suggested too much oxygen was to blame.

Who was right? In 1953 a team of British doctors, backed substances as old as life itself.

By the Medical Research Council and headed by Dr Norman Ashton, of London's Institute of Ophthalmology, set to work.

By this time RLF was the major cause of blindness in children. In America it accounted for the blindness of one-third of all pre-school children.

With the sight of hundreds of thousands of children at stake, Dr Ashton started his research. He put a cat and six kittens into his incubator. For four days they breathed different mixtures of oxygen and air. Then they were taken out. The kittens were put to sleep and their eyes examined.

The big normal arteries in the eyes were permanently sealed by blood clots. In their place doctors saw numerous tiny, abnormal arteries which would grow to make the blinding fibrous tissue.

So now they knew that oxygen was the cause of the dreaded disease. They knew why. But they still had to find out how.

A drugged kitten was put into a small plastic box piped to take oxygen. Then, in the cream-painted laboratory in Tavistock Place, the oxygen was turned on. Dr Ashton and Dr Charles Cook crouched silently over a microscope so that they could examine the kitten's eyes as it breathed the oxygen.

Within minutes they saw the big arteries in the eye start to shrink. At last they had found how too much—and sometimes too little—oxygen caused blindness. In his report Dr Ashton warned hospitals: "Don't give oxygen to premature babies unless you have the shortest possible exposure. It is necessary to save life. He also recommended that when oxygen is used an anti-blood-clotting drug should be given with it. This had actually prevented RLF in his animal experiments."

Already the disease is on the wane. It will disappear as suddenly as it started. But doctors will never forget it.

Retrolental fibroplasia made them think again about a team of British doctors, backed substances as old as life itself.

MUSCLE MEN ARE IN THE MONEY

By H. DAY

BECAUSE millions of males dread the contemplation of lovely blondes on beaches and swimming pools, shrink from remarks like "ill-ya, skinny!" and fear comparison with massive, blonzed he-men, body building in America is now also big business.

Americans don't seem merely to want a sane mind in a fit body, as the Greeks did. What they seem to crave is a bulging bronzed chest, preferably with a sheen of oil on it, and billiard-ball biceps to attract the girls — that is, if girls really are attracted by such things. And because of this ideal more than two million men each pay \$50 a year to five thousand gymnasiums, to keep fit! Only about ten percent do so from reasons of health.

Harold J. Reilly, who makes more than \$100,000 a year, has 550 male and 450 female clients. He is the only licensed Physiotherapist in New York who also runs a health centre, though few of his clients consult him because they are run down.

One regular used to go along for a course about every eight months—each time he fell in love!

Many business men are regular clients, but few can stand the grin, rolling of exercises and soon gravitate towards the more expensive and exotic treatments, like oxygen bubble baths, ultra-violet ray treatment, and massage performed by gentle-fingered masseuses.

Torso Twist

Samuel Olmstead, who has his health school on the roof of Grand Central Palace, New York, specialises in abdomens. "You should see this big, fat, lazy guy pussying about the exercise tables in the steam room, with his bellies crying out for exercise," says Sam, who was quite an athlete in his day, and as tough as barbed wire.

His specialty is the "Torso Twist," for which he charges \$10 a month. For this sum he throws in steam-baths, needle showers, and belting the use of the handball, padlock and squash courts. In every room are hung inspiring couplets, such as:

Three times each week, if it's fitness you seek,
Work every day to burn fat away.

For many years of age and attainment
Take time each day for health investment.
Then, there are the specialists, like Terry Hunt, of Beverly Hills, California, who keeps

some 750 movie folk in physical trim. His flat fee is \$30 for 12 treatments, and for this sum he teaches paunchy stars to stand on their hands, or hang from bars like monkeys. But they rarely achieve such ambitions in 12 fleeting visits.

He claims to have rehabilitated the paralyzed swimmer Georgia Coleman; to have made Robert Taylor tough enough to play the part of a prize fighter; and to have turned Frederic March into a young man—temporarily.

No lack of earnest students, for among his devotees are Marlene Dietrich, Norma Shearer, Louella Parsons, Walter Wanger, and a host of other celebrities. Fees are higher, of course, if massage and bath are thrown in, and there are special, expensive treatments for directors, producers and other film moguls.

There are other high class fitness schools scattered about the country, like those run by Joseph Pilates, a German, whose fee is \$10 a session; or Nicholas Kounovsky, a White Russian, who takes a few dollars for individual treatment.

Specialists

These are the specialists. Al Boon, proprietor of three New York gymnasiums, comes into a different category. His premises, which include swimming pool and bowling alley, are valued at a million dollars. Anyone can attend his temple of health for 30 sessions by paying \$100. "To me," says Boon, "come those whose figures are their fortunes." — show girls, models and the like. He has something like 5,000 regular customers.

But the biggest body building association in the Associated Health Institutes, with Fred Young as president, which runs three successful health clubs on the East Coast of the U.S. and a string of 13 others across the country. Each of his 20,000 members has the privilege of using any of his health clubs when in the locality. This is a

tremendous advantage, as 95 percent of his customers travel the country for a living. Altogether, Mr Young's concern turns over about a million dollars a year.

The biggest genuine strong-man club, however, is the home of the famous York Barbell Company, run by that devotee of heavy exercise and big muscles, Bob Hoffman, editor of Strength and Health. On his premises live and work some 25 of the strongest men in the world—all title holders. Hoffman and his disciples have preached the cult of the biceps far and wide, and have tens of thousands of followers.

These Pose

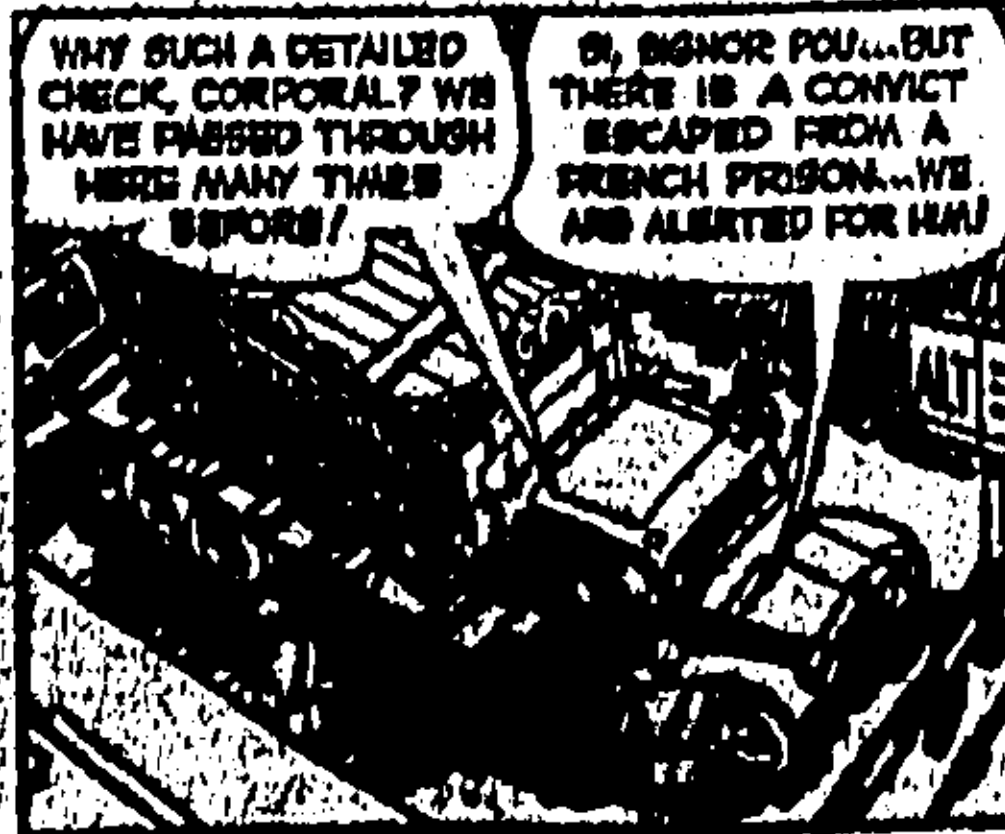
There are two other famous strong-men gymnasiums, though they cater chiefly for "mild" athletes—men who don't use their strength to lift weights, or wrestle, or indulge in sport, but who love posing and being photographed. One is run in New York by Tony Sansone, a handsome Latin with a classical figure, who, if his pictures are anything to go by, is the average female's dream man.

The other is run over in Chicago by burly Walt Baptiste. Both understand their jobs thoroughly and mould graceful, muscular bodies. But they also enrich themselves by anything from \$100-\$500 before each of their hundreds of glamorous preposers in on the beaches to hypnotize women.

The cult of the body, with no corresponding improvement of the mind, is a movement also responsible for the clothes worn by the American male. Those who have not the time or the inclination to build up massive bodies, wish, of course, to give the impression that they, too, are physical supermen, and satisfy their fastidious tastes, the "drape-shape" if not the "swool-suit," has become the fashion in the States.

And it is difficult now for a girl to know whether a well-cut jacket covers her dream man, or is merely a facade for a bag of bones!

JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation calls for a
San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Attractive Heron Feathers



The top dress designers are now showing their Autumn collections in Paris, London and Rome. Pictured here is an attractive small cap of pink heron feathers, designed by milliner Claude Saint Cyr and shown in conjunction with the Norman Hartnell show of Autumn dresses.—Express Photo.

DO YOUR HANDS GIVE YOU AWAY?

By LADY BOYLE

YOUR hands can be a positive, expressive part of your personality. Gladys Cooper acts with her hands. Every mood is represented by a gesture.

Watch the Queen Mother on newscasts. Whatever she is doing, her hands complete the picture, whether she is arranging her hair, accepting flowers, making a speech, or simply conversing. Notice the slow, graceful movements of her hands, never hurried or flustered.

The secret lies in those slow, measured gestures. In making our hands match what our lips are saying, we can take a lesson from continental people. Avoid waving them about like Hyde Park orators at one extreme; avoid mere fidgeting at the other.

COAXING IT

But if we are to draw attention to our hands we must take the trouble to make them look attractive. Their texture can be protected very effectively with barrier creams.

Enthusiastic cooks, busy mothers, amateur gardeners can rely on these creams to form an invisible glove. This prevents the dirt from clogging the lines of the hands and fingers, and avoids the crepe-like look which results from prolonged soaking in water and scrubbing. Your hands are never quite beyond repair. I have just met someone who has achieved wonderful results with a lotion which is rubbed in while the hands are still wet. After using it a few times, you will find the dirt is coaxed out of the crevices.

Regular use of glycerine keeps the skin smooth and nourished, leaves no stickiness.

MANICURING

Now for nails. Few people have a perfect oval shape, but careful filing and the clever use of varnish can work miracles. Never file down the sides of your nails. It will give the illusion of length, but it will probably make them flake off in layers. Always file from the level where nail leaves finger tip.

Your nails must never be neglected, because the only safe way of filing them is with an emery board, and that won't hack through length and thickness. Nails should follow the shape of the fingertip. Exaggerated points won't make your hands long and tapering if they are not that way to start with. A rounded edge will give more

character to your hands if your fingers have rounded tips. Don't even be afraid to wear the square look. When it comes to varnish you can cheat a bit. A little edge left on each side of the nail will give the illusion of extra length. Many people believe that giving the nails a rest from varnish will strengthen them. This is an old wives' tale. As long as you leave the cuticles free you will have nothing to worry about. Varnish even protects the nail. I have found that without varnish my fingertips not only look terrible—they actually hurt.

S-T-R-E-T-C-H OUT IN THE SUN

MISS ZIPP is busy again on the beach and today she is keeping FIT the FUN way with a S-T-R-E-T-C-H routine.

Why don't you join her—with the rest of the family?

First, two easy jumping exercises. Do three little skip jumps, and then, on the fourth, jump as high as you can, stretch your legs wide astride and fling your arms as high as possible (Fig. 1). Repeat this three or four times; rest for a moment, then jump high again with your body stretched and try to cross and uncross your feet as many times as you can while in the air.

CURL UP...

Lay a towel on the sand for this next activity—it is really three exercises in one—which is good for the tummy, hips, back and arms.

Lie on the towel on your back and stretch fully with your arms above your head. Curl up into a small ball; hold the position for a few seconds; then stretch out again; roll over on to your tummy; grasp your feet behind you and rock backwards and forwards about half a dozen times (Fig. 2). Repeat the exercise four or five times.

Miss Zipp's third exercise is for body and shoulders. It combines both a stretch and a swing (Fig. 3). Stand with feet slightly astride. Swing the trunk down, and let one arm and hand swing as far behind the hips as you can; then, without pause, swing up to full stretch and swing the arm as far backwards and above the head as you can. Now here are some warming-up games for later in the day. For SNATCH AND RUN, draw two parallel lines on the sand



FIG. 1: Up as high as you can



FIG. 2: Grasp your ankles



FIG. 3: Swing down—then stretch

about 20 feet apart and stand facing a partner midway between the lines. Place a towel on the sand between you and then try to grab the towel and get back to the line behind you without being tagged by your partner. SWIM using the same two lines. Again stand midway between the two lines, but this time sideways to your partner, with the elbows raised. Now try to drag her over your own line. Try it first with the right arm raised and then the left. This is good fun—and a good exercise for legs, tummy and arms.

—JOSEPH EDMUNDSON

AUTUMN COLLECTIONS IN LONDON

Mutton-Chop Sleeves Or The Romantic Look?

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

LONDON has just had a fashion week in which 400 different dresses and suits were shown by the top designers.

The fact that Hardy Amies has taken a fancy to the mutton-chop sleeve or that Norman Hartnell decorates his evening dresses with beetle's wings may not seem very striking.

But it will be—in the fashion world. For the styles shown during fashion week influence store buyers, wholesale designers, the little dressmaker round the corner—in fact anyone with fashion connections.

If you doubt it, remember the crinolined petticoat, the halter-necked evening dress, the sailor collar. They all started in the salons of top designers and were snapped up by buyers or copied overnight by wholesale designers.

But fashion is unpredictable. Only some of the new styles are adopted. So it remains to be seen which will fade away and which will be mass-produced by the chain stores.

Hardy Amies is the young designer of elegant, wearable clothes tinged with a touch of new fashion.

His new colour is amber, and this runs through his collection and is seen on everything from tweed suits to satin evening dresses. Even the jewellery reflects it. The models wore amber bead bracelets massed from wrist to elbow and button-shaped amber earrings.

Mr Amies told us that a seventeen-year-old textile student at the Royal College of Art—where Amies went to lecture on fashion—suggested he should use amber. "We are most grateful to her," he said.

As for style, there is something reminiscent of the Edwardian mutton-chop sleeve about his suits. Sleeves are wide-topped, inset high on the shoulder to give a curved, looser line at the wrist.

His full-length evening dresses are definitely grand manner. They are full skirted styles in lavishly embroidered satin and one can imagine them being worn at the top of a grand staircase to receive the highest in the land. (After all, he is one of the Queen's dressmakers). One dress, in amber satin with a crinolined skirt, had two long ash ends tied to form a bustle bow.

Thinking perhaps that amber will not suit everyone and it certainly will not suit a pink-and-white complexion—Amies shows a wonderful pink, the colour of candy floss. A short

evening dress in candy pink tulle almost stopped the show. It was matched with a long pink stole and pink satin shoes.

Last word came from Hardy Amies himself. "Clothes are easier to wear this season," he said, "but possibly harder to make."

Norman Hartnell, doyen of the fashion world, surprised us by forsaking his traditional styles. Instead, he presented a gay, pretty, romantic look.

Feminine princess coats were top choice and outnumbered the loose, untrussed styles. These were in rich velvet embroidered with braid or trimmed with fur.

Evening dresses launched new materials including multi-coloured black fishnet with green beetle's wing embroidery, bluebottle lace embroidered with sequins, and multi-coloured lame sewn with a metal thread that is washable and untarnishable.

Perhaps the fact that he makes dresses for the gay and pretty Princess Alexandra has influenced Hartnell's new collection; it is certainly one that will be popular with his young clients.

Michael Sherard showed an empire style which, with its smooth-fitting lines, is kind to difficult figures. Dresses and suits following this line had minute panels shaped into the waist and out over the hips.

Sherard's materials are new and extravagant. There is grey rayon studded with leopard spots of black velvet, and black ribbed ottoman woven with iridescent threads.

He likes detail, and new accessories included wide belts of black patent or beaten copper which dip at the back to flatter the waist.

His evening dresses sparkled with colour... polargonum pink velvet... cyclamen satin shot with white... black velvet sewn with cellophane threads so that it glittered like jet.

LATEST PARIS DRESS SHOW

Jacques Fath Promotes Diamonds And Furs

JACQUES FATH has endorsed the J jumper suit in his Autumn collection. In green and black and many metallic jersey materials, they have loose waists with belts resting on the hips.

Fath keeps the high-busted, corseted look of last season for dresses and adds a stiffened belt.

For each of his four slim mannequins he modifies and adapts the lines to suit her personality.

Patricia, with the chestnut hair and milky skin, he describes as a woman of distinction.

Jane, tall, lithe and slender, he christens the 1955 Vamp.

Stella, is the top beauty of the collection, and Rose Marie combines the dash and charm of the very young.

Detail Notes: Much shorter jackets; large diamond buckles and buttons; masses of fur—even dresses of white ermine.

BLACK, GOLD

FATH launches his colour range of evening stockings with tops and waists of black and gold Chantilly lace caught with diamond suspenders.

For evening there is a pretty, loose cardigan, in black and shades of brown. This should be a winner with the ready-to-wear trade because it is not dependent on perfect fitting.

Many cardigans are richly embroidered in oriental designs. Unusual accessory notes come from blonde Sophie, once a famous Paris model, now in the fashion business on her own account.

With a white flannel pleated skirt and black sweater she wears an old gold hunter watch slung round her neck on a gold chain. She dresses her blonde hair in a pony-tail style, wears large gold hoop earrings to flatter her tan and ballet shoes in gold kid.

FASHIONS TO COPY

GIVE an old ball-gown a new look by shortening the front to show the ankles.

Evening accessories are as lavish as the clothes. These white stain gloves and matching bag are embroidered with gold and pearls. The white jersey stole is patterned with silver thread and the opera glasses are of mother-of-pearl and silver (from Henry's is a Penrose).

Choose your new hat or scarf in flaming red. Lovely, too, for jersey dress, slacks and sweaters.

Have a little black dress again in your wardrobe, preferably a combination of wool and silk, the kind of dress that can go to the office or a party with equal ease.

Don't throw away your old fur coat. Use it to line a wool jacket or a super-luxury touch—to line a new fur coat or stole.

FASHION NOT TO COPY

RED satin evening slippers—unless you have pretty feet and take no more than a size four shoe.

—Eileen Ascroft

LAUGH LINES AND WRINKLES

By Helen Follett

A PLEASANT disposition has more to do with beauty than you might suspect.

Women who have temper tantrums, who are continually cross and cranky, look it. Their faces are full of frown lines, their foreheads are furrowed.

A happy-go-lucky personality can cause facial lines, too, but they're a different kind. There's something friendly about laugh lines. They make you like people even before you really get to know them. Laugh lines aren't a beauty drawback. They're a good thing. They're the only thing that makes lines and wrinkles appear. They just naturally come along as a woman grows older. You can't get them to vanish completely but if you take the time and trouble, you can erase them to a certain extent.

A heavy cream is your best weapon in the fight against wrinkles. Massage it into the skin nightly.

Don't expect miracles and, above all, don't think a single creaming and massage will turn the clock. It won't! This is one routine that must be followed faithfully. Put it on your beauty schedule, and keep it there!

Another way to avoid lines is to watch facial expressions. Don't pucker your lips. Avoid arching eyebrows. Don't make angry faces. Keep your mouth relaxed. Your smile is your friend. It's the only way you won't look when you look in the mirror.

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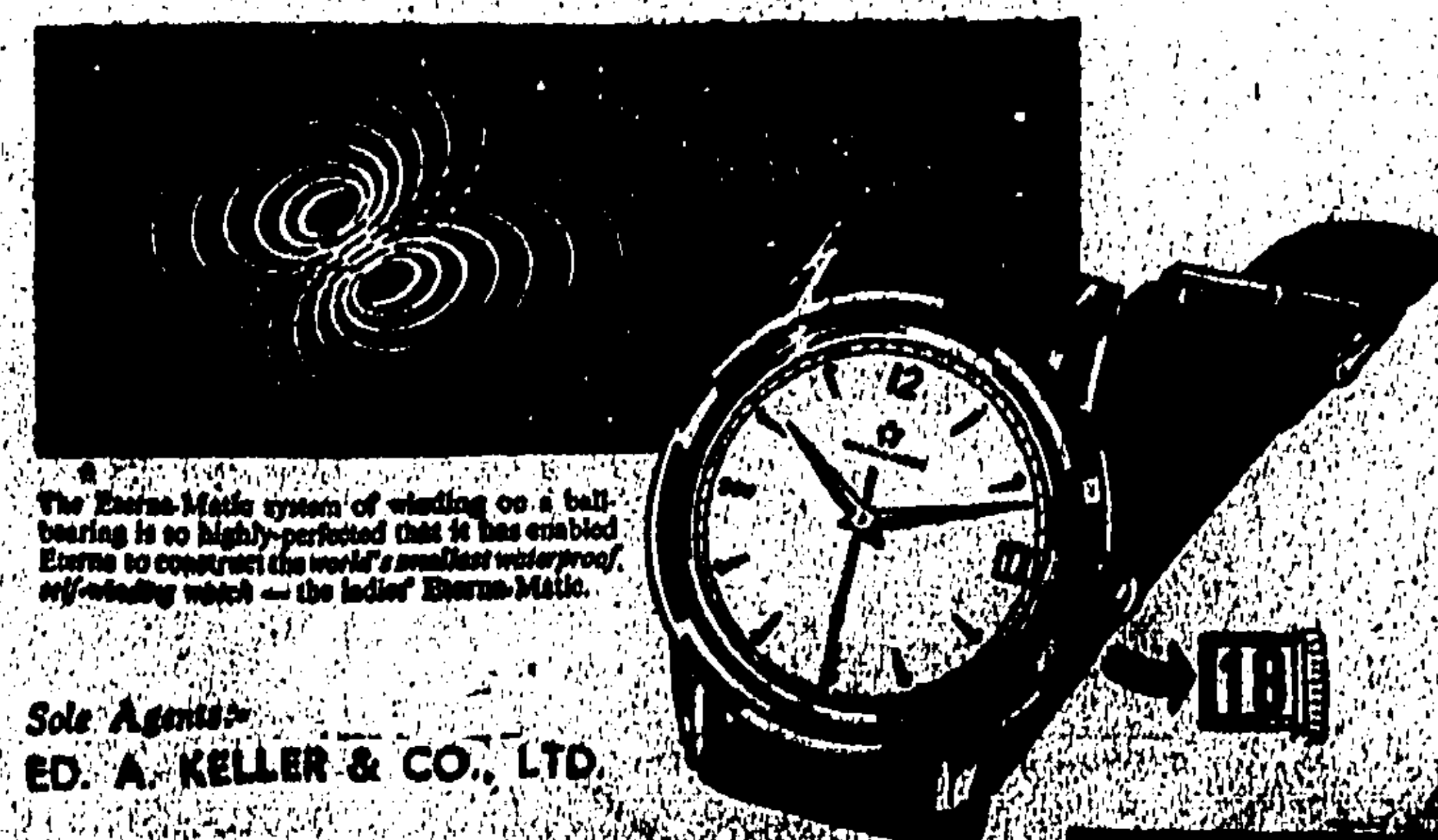
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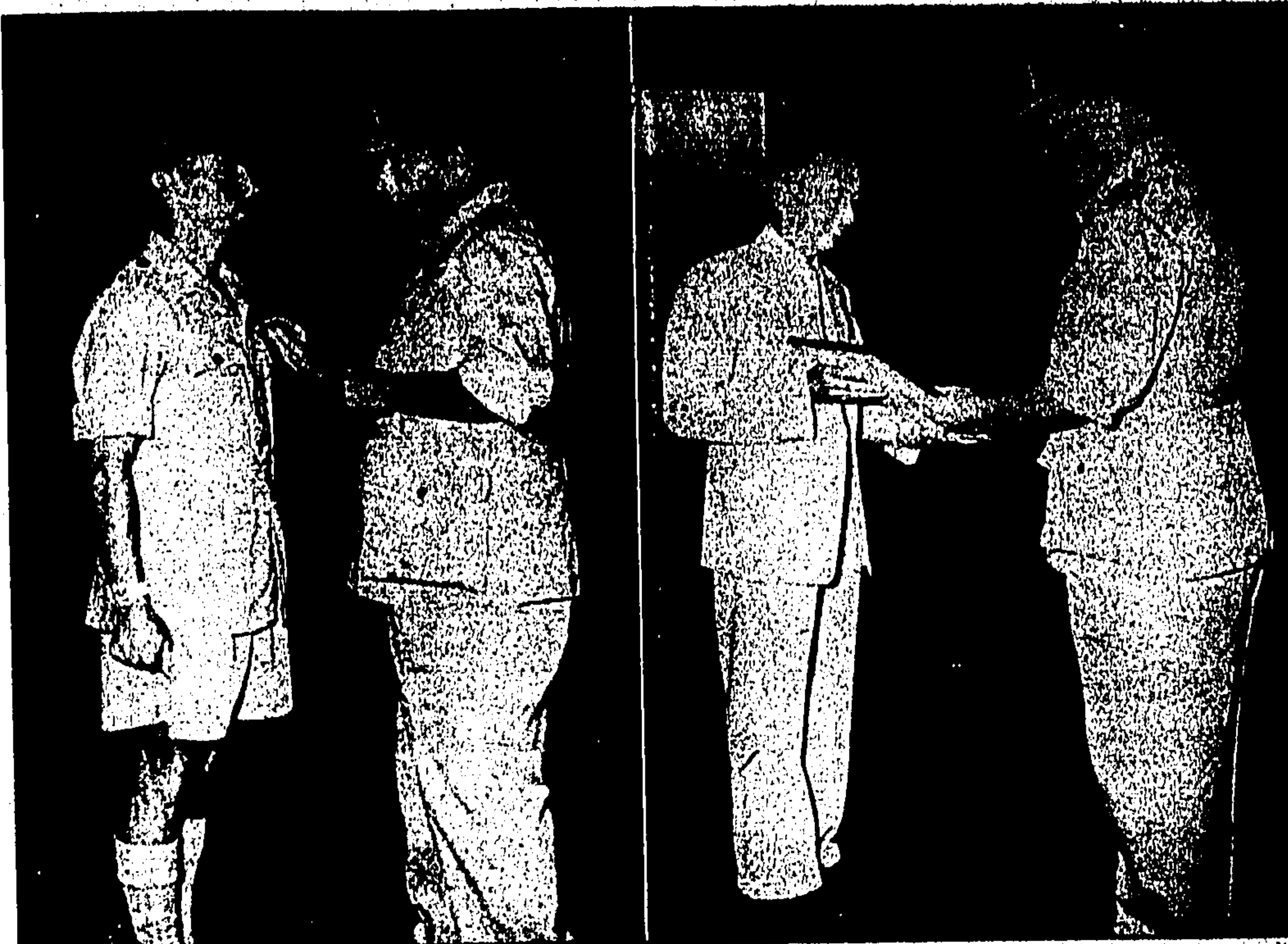


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MR K. Kean, Social Welfare Officer, photographed with members of the goodwill mission from the Hongkong Kaifong Welfare Advancement Associations who left on Monday for Singapore. They will spend about half a month in Singapore and Malaya. (Mayfair)

LEFT: Taking their nuptial vows at the Catholic Cathedral last Saturday are Mr Ivor Aquilina and Miss Gertrude Polkowska. The bridegroom is an officer in the Hongkong Police Force. (Staff Photographer)



PRESENTATIONS at the RAF Kai Tak Station last Saturday. On the left, Warrant Officer K. H. Adlington receives a Long Service and Good Conduct Medal from Air Commodore R. C. Field. On the right, Mr Henry Marr, RAF clerk, is presented with the Commander-in-Chief's testimonial for devotion to duty. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Girls competing in the egg and spoon race at the splash party held at the Ladies' Recreation Club on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs C. Steenken cutting their wedding cake at the reception following their wedding last Saturday at the Union Church. The bride was formerly Miss A. Nio Gavdner. (Francis Wu)



MR P. R. S. Mani, first Commissioner for the Government of India in Hongkong, bidding farewell to the Indian community at a farewell tea party given in his honour last week by the India Association. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: At a farewell party given by Mr and Mrs Soo Yu-dee for their son, Soo Chan-jen, who left last week for England to enter King's College, Taunton. Left to right: Mr F. M. Castro, Masters Soo Chan-jen, Freddie To and Henry Ngan.

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GROUP picture taken at the twenty-first birthday party of Miss Geraldine Rita Dragon, daughter of Mr and Mrs C. H. Dragon. A large number of friends attended the party, held last Sunday evening at the Little Flower Club. (W.H.A.)

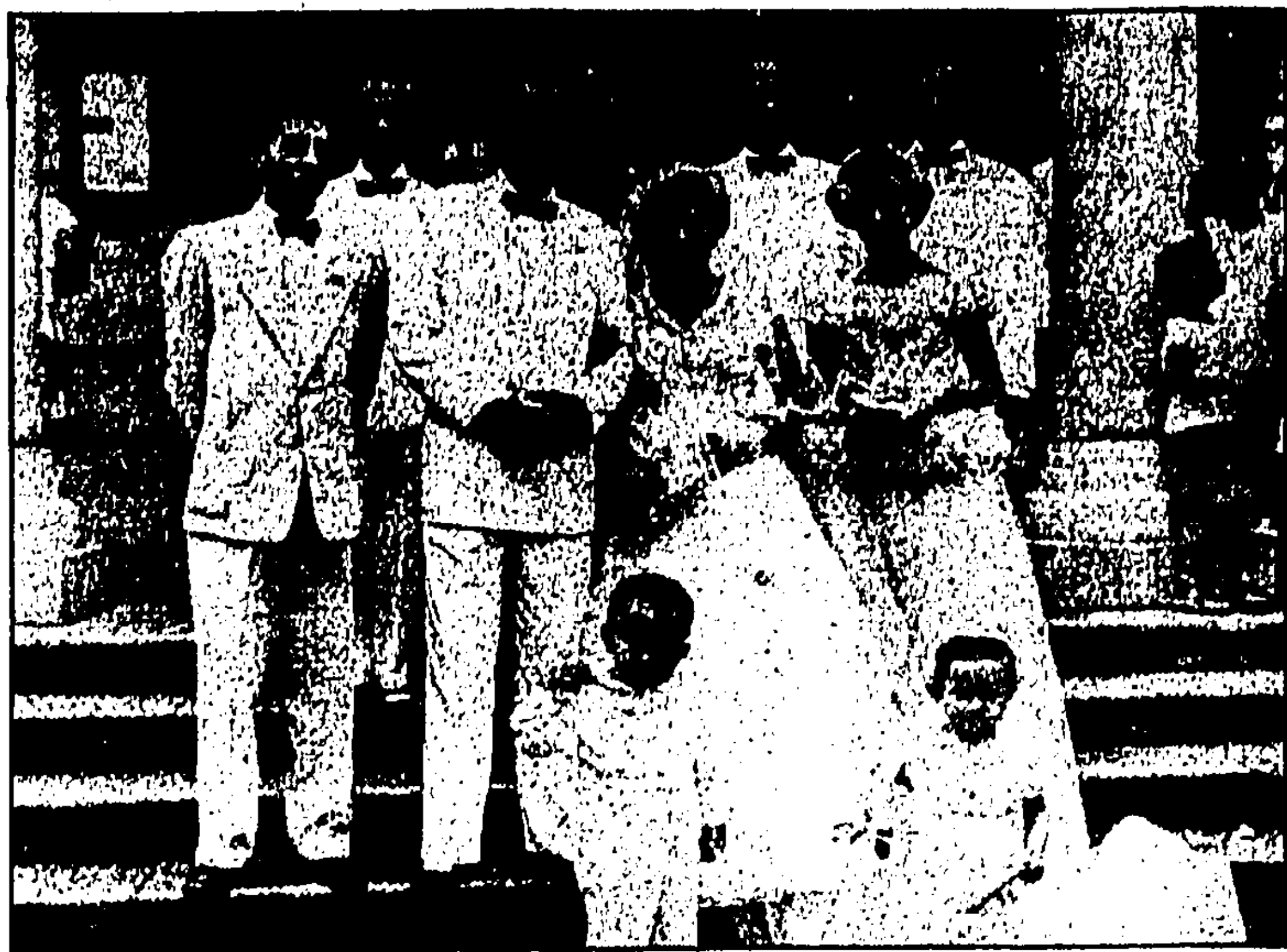
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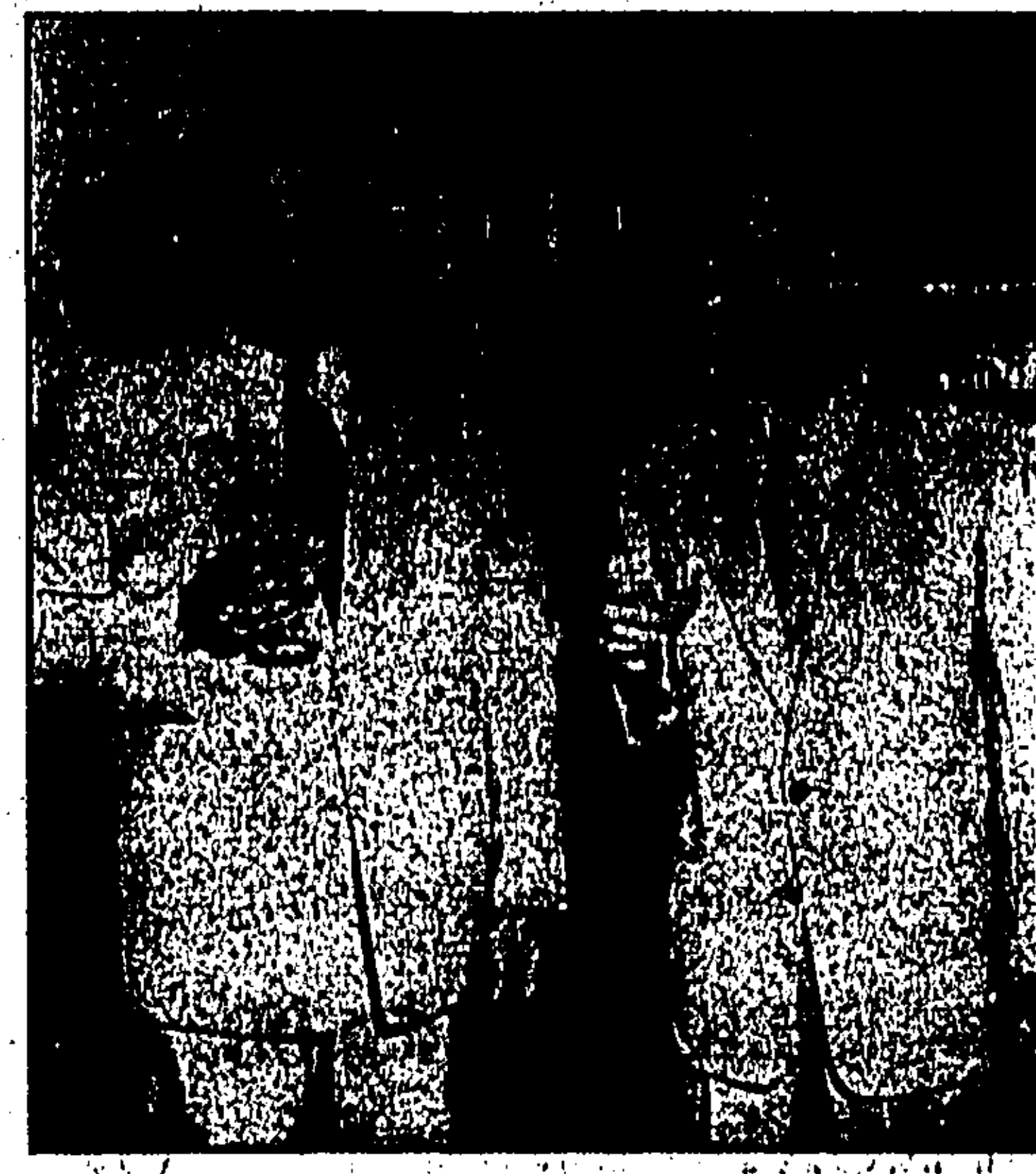
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LAST Saturday's wedding at St Teresa's Church: Mr Victor George Grott and Miss Doreen Xavier. (Staff Photographer)



COMMODORE A. H. Thorold congratulating motor drivers employed by HM Dockyard when presenting them with certificates for safe driving issued by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents. (Staff Photographer)



MR Tarbidin Suriawinata, Indonesian Consul-General (left), and Mr Leong Ying-swie at the opening of the new Indonesian Club. Mr Leong is President of the Club. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken at the christening of Joan Marian Gonsalves, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gonsalves, which took place at St Teresa's Church last Saturday. (Willie's)



PICTURED outside St John's Cathedral after their wedding are Mr Anthony John Horland and Miss Marguerite Norma Dedear. (Ming Yuen)

MRS Mathilde Ng, Chairman of the Hongkong Council of Women, relating to the press her impressions of the triennial conference of the International Council of Women which she attended at Helsinki. Mrs Ng returned to the Colony this week. (Staff Photographer)



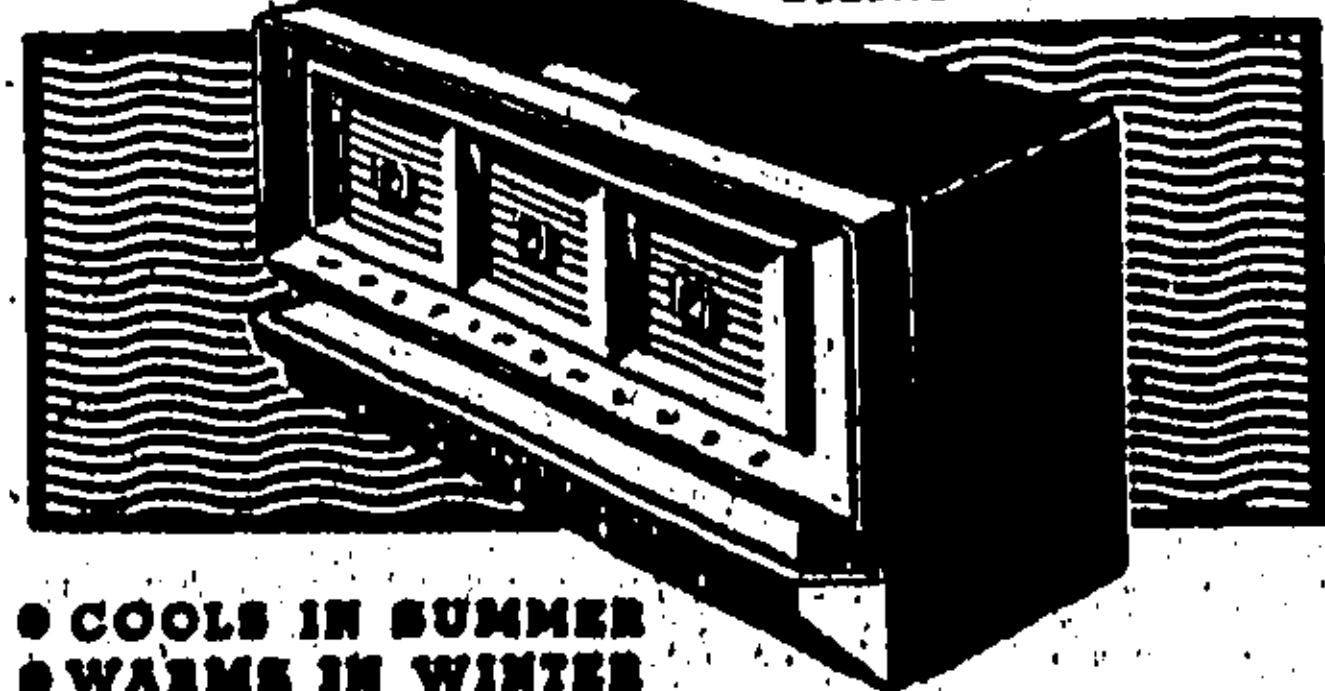
RIGHT: A Paul Jones in progress at the party given by the 1st Kowloon Scout Troop at the new Boy Scouts Headquarters last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



CHINESE Athletic Club and USS Orca softballers who clashed at King's Park on Wednesday in the summer league. CAA won the game. (Staff Photographer)

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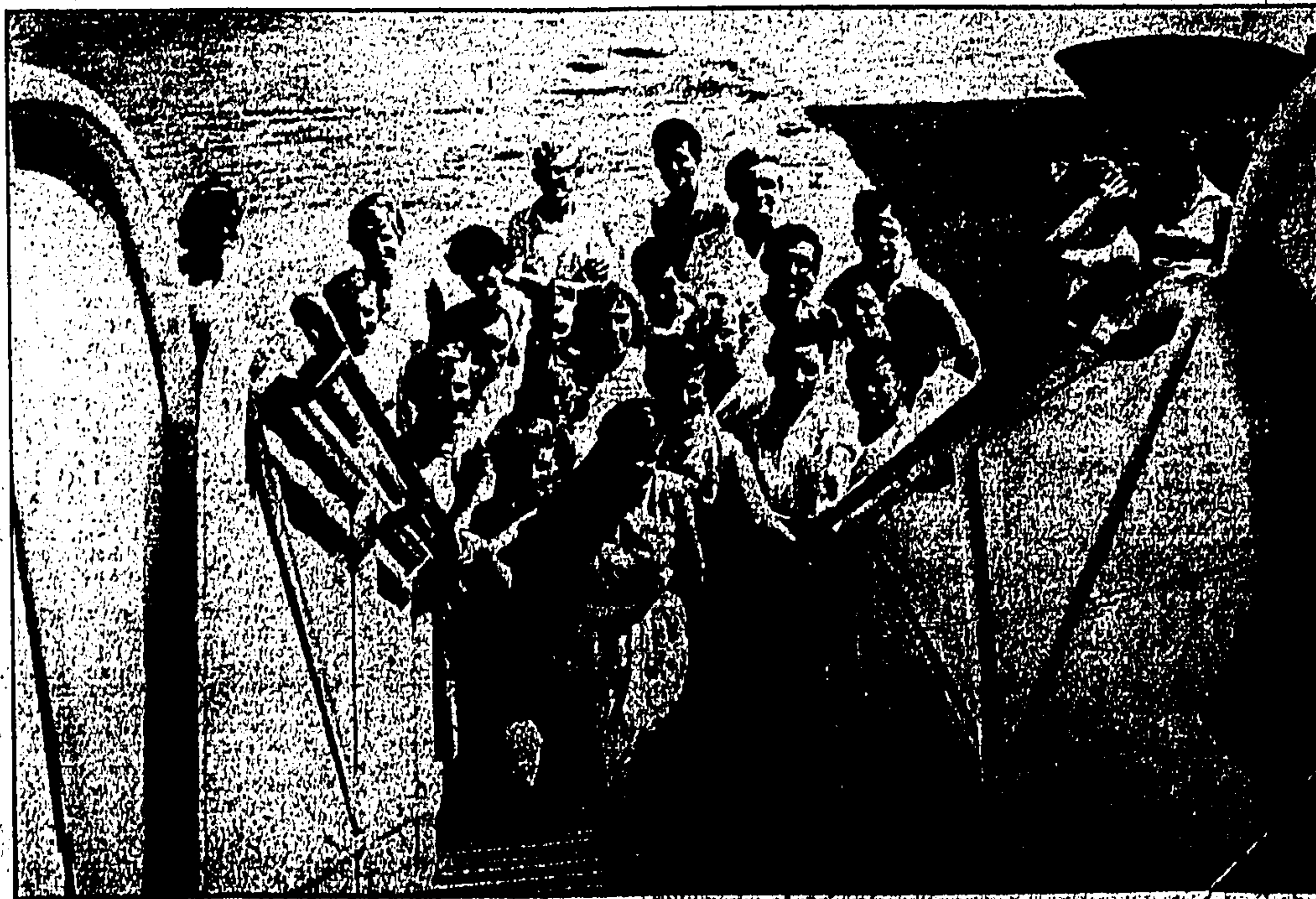


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EIGHTY children from King George V School were taken on Tuesday afternoon on sightseeing trips over Hong Kong as guests of Civil Air Transport. Two half-hourly flights were made in a Skymaster. A group of school children about to board the plane. (CAT)

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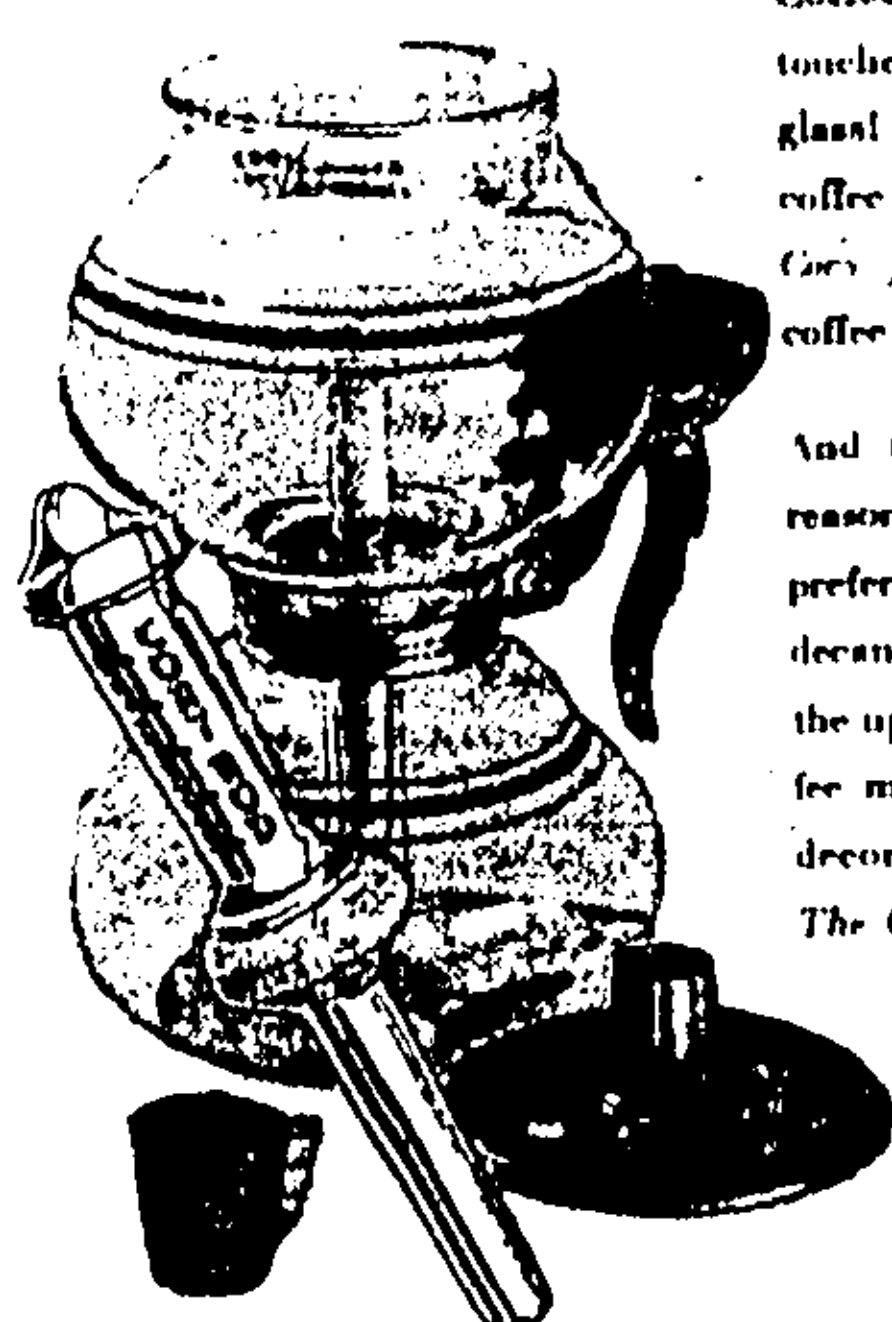
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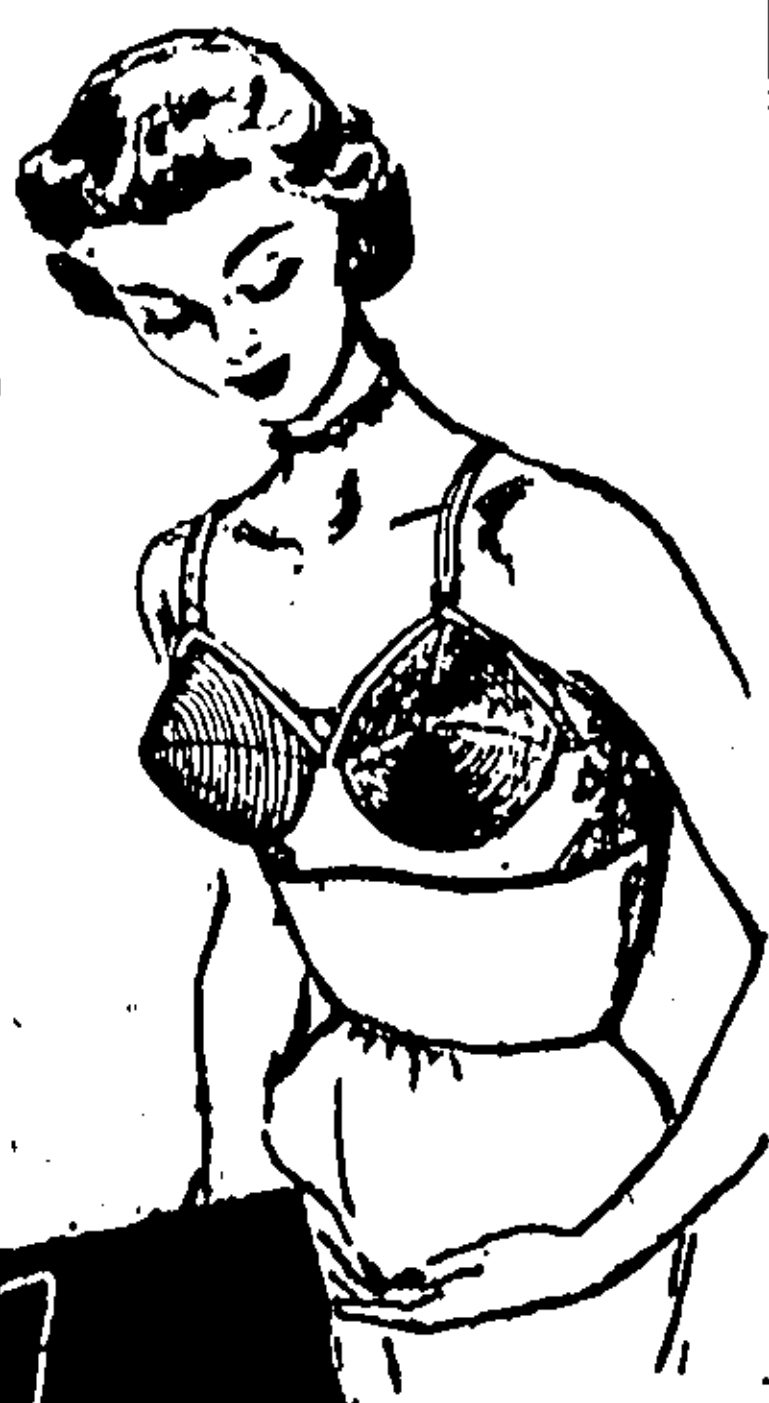


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And there are four other good reasons why discerning women prefer The Cory. It has a hinged decanter cover, a safety stand for the upper glass, an accurate cut for measure, and striking hand-decorated glass beauty! Only The Cory gives all five features.

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Care Of Foods For The Freezer

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

NOT too long ago the housewife had a hearty contempt for "cold storage" foods. Now a large part of many families' meals is made of frozen foods. The quick-freezing process has added many foods to the all-year diet, just as canning has done previously. Together, these processes enrich the diet at all seasons.

Every housewife knows that frozen foods should not be thawed until just before it is desired to use them and that once thawed, they should not be refrozen. But not every housewife knows why. The correct use of the home freezer is important if its purpose—convenient, safe and nutritious food in or out of season—is not to be defeated.

The old type cold storage process involved freezing just as does the newer method, but that was slow freezing. It was first patented in 1842. Slow freezing permits large crystals of ice to form in the cells of the food substance. These rupture the cells and render the food, when thawed, soft and mushy. The secret of the new process is speed in freezing, which produces small crystals, and no appreciable damage to the physical consistency of most foods. There are still a few, like tomatoes, which do not freeze well—or, perhaps, it would be more accurate to say that they do not thaw well.

Valuable Contribution

The frozen foods now on the market, including corn on the cob and many prepared dishes such as pies and French fried potatoes, look and taste like fresh foods when thawed. Not only that, but they have the values of fresh foods, since their original food elements are well preserved, even including the more sensitive vitamins of the B group, and vitamin C. Thus, these foods make a valuable contribution to the diet, and play a large part in maintaining health and doing away with the habit of using spring tonics, such as sulfur and molasses, which were never any good anyway.

Most of the food that is used fast-frozen comes from commercial establishments, where it is prepared, frozen, wrapped and stored under inspection by state or local health department inspectors. But there are more and more home freezers, and many families prepare and freeze their own garden products or even meat. There are certain precautions which are necessary to be sure that the food is adequately preserved and safe as well as palatable.

Good quality foods are necessary; the freezing process merely preserves and does not improve the quality which was there to begin with. Proper wrapping is important, otherwise there will be dehydration or "freezer burn," which not only impairs taste and appearance but food value. Some vegetables must be blanched, and some fruits require the addition of ascorbic acid to prevent discoloration.

Wrap Carefully

Materials suitable for freezer use must be used for wrapping—cellophane, paper laminated with glassine, aluminum, plastics, and various types of specially treated papers. Ordinary wrapping paper is not suitable, but may be used as an outer wrapper to help protect the inner one. A good job of wrapping is important, too. Some packages are better heat-sealed in plastic coverings.

The home "freezer" is actually made of storage cabinet for frozen foods than a large-capacity freezer. It will freeze small quantities—about two pounds of food per cubic foot of capacity. Larger quantities are best taken to a commercial locker for freezing.

Food, once thawed, should not be refrozen because it was not absolutely sterile to begin with and, therefore, contains bacteria. Of course, none of these is actually disease-producing, but they may decompose thawed foods and produce toxins. Germs are not usually killed by freezing, though they are rendered inactive and do not multiply while in the frozen state. But when the food gets above 50 degrees Fahrenheit, bacterial action begins. The resulting food spoilage may give rise to some digestive disturbances.

Restoring Loveliness To Droopy Roses

By ELEANOR ROSS

ONE dozen roses are from all accounts, the most popular of all floral gifts. Beautiful in color and fragrance they are in their long box, the red, white, yellow or delicate apricot set off by the deep green foliage.

But how badly the dazzling blooms are likely to be treated—jammed into one container, rather than separated to bring beauty to many parts of a room. One suggestion is to place several roses in one container and the remainder, one by one, in slender bud vases. These are charming decorative notes on a mantel, bookcase or small table.

Weak EYES CAN RUIN YOUR WORK! When your eyes ache, work suffers. To soothe and strengthen them, bathe eyes regularly with Optrex Eye Lotion. It soothes away dust, relieves eye muscles—makes eyes sparkle! Doctors recommend it. FILL eye bath with bottle.

Optrex

WATER
IS PRECIOUS
USE IT
WISELY

Right here we would like to suggest a culinary use for this loveliest of flowers. Try decorating your next homemade cake with crystallized rose petals. To make, select highly scented fresh roses, cut off the bottom of the stem, and wash well. Remove petals and place on a tray to dry in the refrigerator. Alternatively, the same process may be employed with mint leaves. Crystallized rose leaves may be cut in the shape of a rose bud, combined with mint leaves to represent green foliage. The petals are perfect for delicate decoration and make for delicious nibbling, too, so do not waste them!

Or select six of the roses, those that are not yet open, and place them in a container in the coolest part of the room. These should last a week, if the stems are cut each day and the water changed. Use a sharp knife and cut the stems diagonally. As the roses get shorter, change the container so that the arrangement is always attractive.

STILL BEAUTIFUL

The sixth day should find one or two full bloom roses, surrounded by petals from the others, floating in a bowl as a table centerpiece. Should any of your roses droop prematurely, please don't give them the heave ho. Just cut a couple of inches from the stems of the drooping roses and put them in hot water. The water should be quite hot, about the temperature of hot bath water, but don't be apprehensive that this will finish off the drooping flowers. Just leave them overnight in the water, and by morning, you should find the flowers very much alive and lovely again.

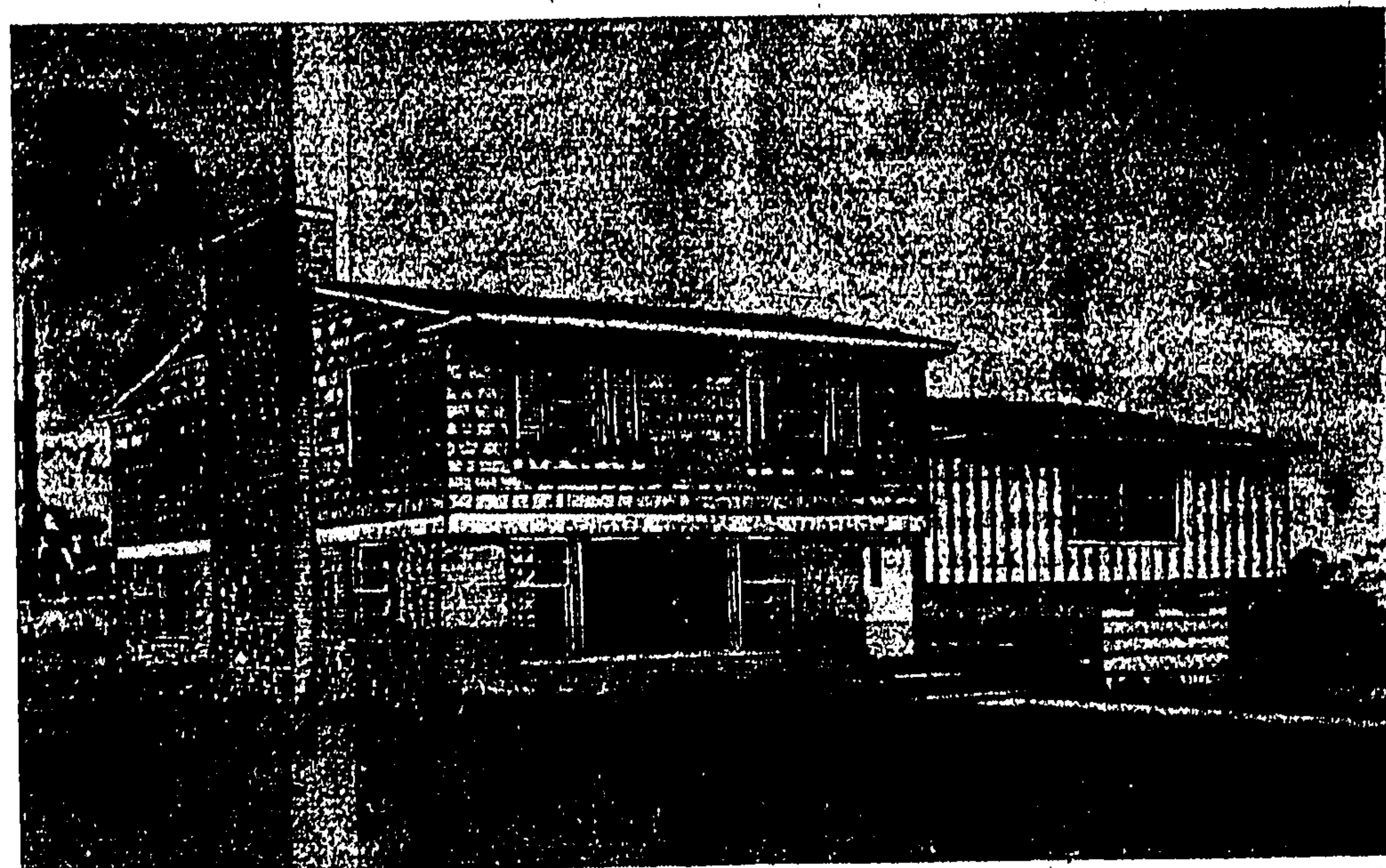
LET 'EM EAT ROSES

Right here we would like to suggest a culinary use for this loveliest of flowers. Try decorating your next homemade cake with crystallized rose petals. To make, select highly scented fresh roses, cut off the bottom of the stem, and wash well. Remove petals and place on a tray to dry in the refrigerator. Alternatively, the same process may be employed with mint leaves. Crystallized rose leaves may be cut in the shape of a rose bud, combined with mint leaves to represent green foliage. The petals are perfect for delicate decoration and make for delicious nibbling, too, so do not waste them!

Bent white of an egg to a foam. Dip small pastry brush (or use fingers) in the egg white and brush both sides of rose petal well, taking care that both sides are moist but that no surplus egg white remains on the rose petal. Shake, granulated sugar on both sides of petals and place on a tray to dry in the refrigerator. Alternatively, the same process may be employed with mint leaves. Crystallized rose leaves may be cut in the shape of a rose bud, combined with mint leaves to represent green foliage. The petals are perfect for delicate decoration and make for delicious nibbling, too, so do not waste them!

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

★ For A Large Family ★



WINDOWS WORK WONDERS in making the exterior of this home distinctive. A picture window has side interest—paned sections at either side—while a pair of upper-storey windows come complete with decorative shutters and window boxes all ready for greenery.

By Joan O'Sullivan

FOUR big bedrooms, two baths, generous closet space, an efficient kitchen and a good-sized living-dining combination add up to a multi-level home designed to keep a large family comfortable and happy.

Enter the small vestibule, hang up your coat in the guest closet and then step into the living room.

To your left, a picture window catches a wide view of the grounds. Straight ahead, there's a huge fireplace. Just imagine its welcoming effect in winter, when warm, glowing logs greet the visitor!

Convenient to the Kitchen

The dining section, not visible from the entrance, is off to the right of the living area. Treat it as a separate room, if you like. A cozy area, it's adjacent to the square kitchen. What could be more convenient for a homemaker?

As for the kitchen, the architect's plans make doing dishes a joy—well, almost! Light streams in through double windows over the sink. Except on the gloomiest days, this is a cheery room.

Another efficient part of the kitchen plan is its two doorways—one opening on

the dining area, the other on the living section. In addition, the kitchen has easy access to stairs (just a few steps) to the basement, where laundry and a lavatory are located.

Arranged for Privacy

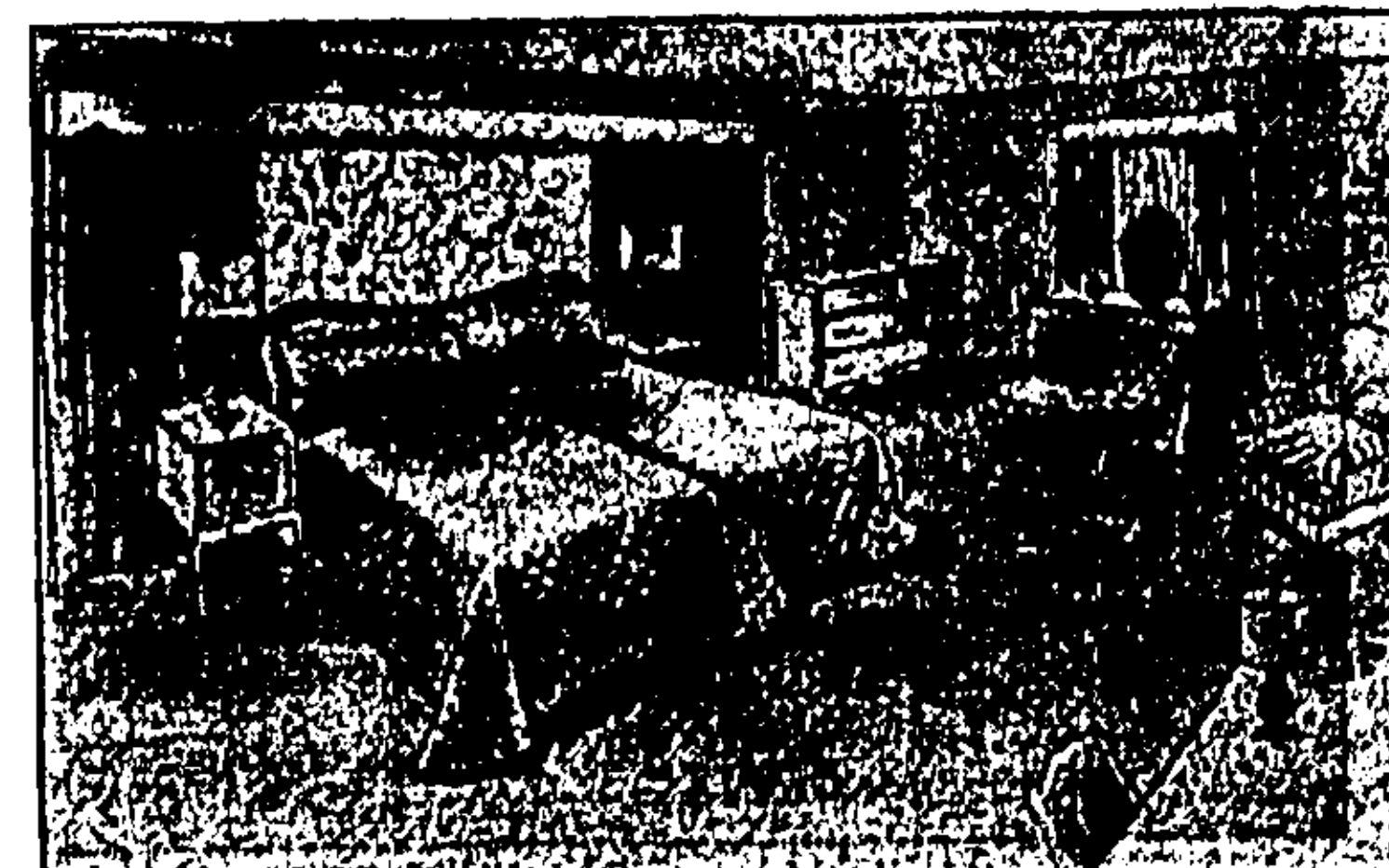
Two bedrooms are up a level from the main floor, an arrangement that makes for privacy, peace and quiet. These are generously-sized rooms, with good ventilation and roomy closets. A large bath with linen storage unit and vanity completes this level.

The remaining bedrooms and a second bath are on the top floor, over the living room. The largest of these has a huge walk-in closet.

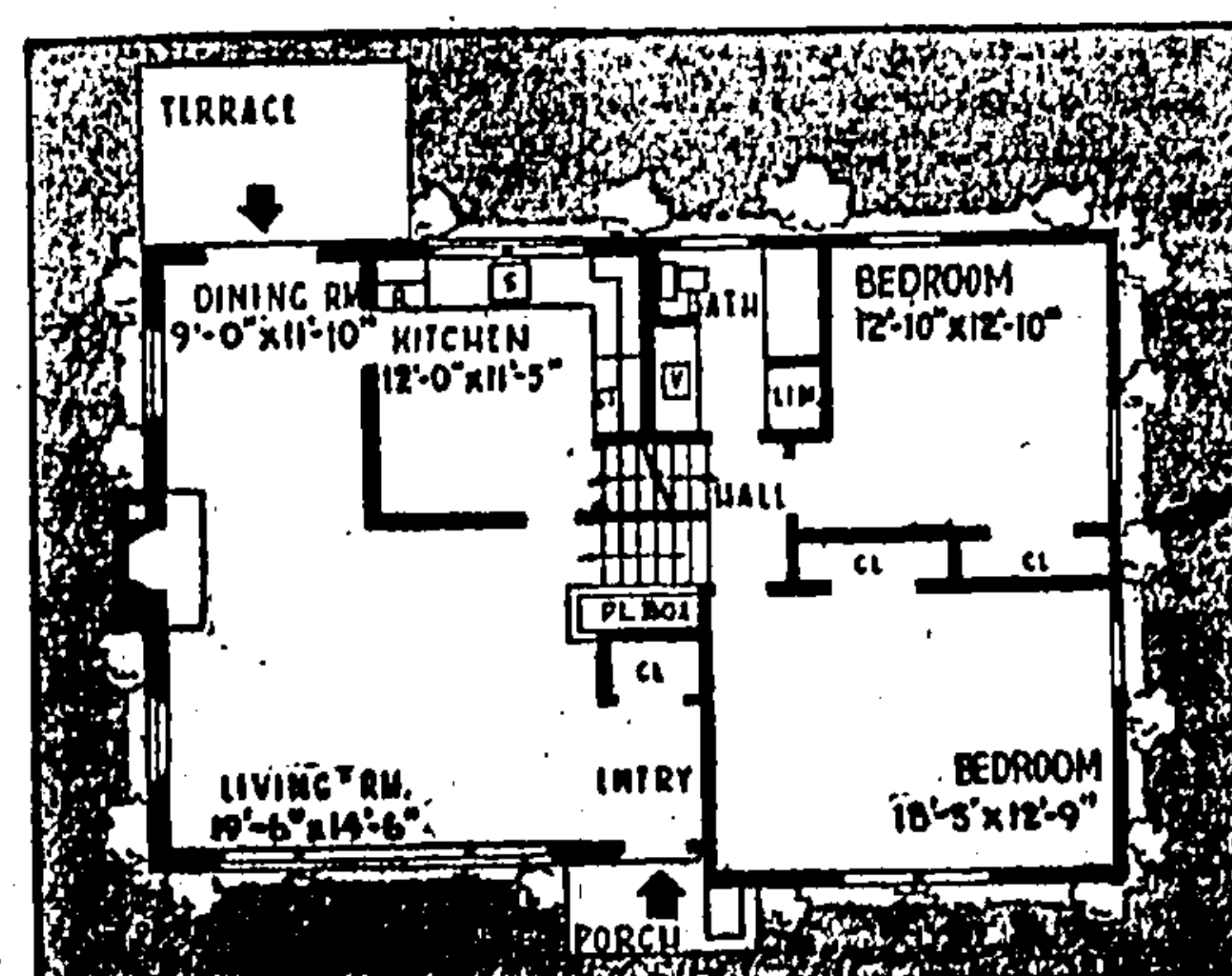
The decorating possibilities are numerous. Wall space between two windows allows just the right space for a bed headboard. For decorative purposes, you could run a cornice from window to window, providing wall interest over the bed.

Despite the multi-level plan, there are no long flights of stairs. It's always just a few steps up or down from basement to garage, garage to living room, living room to both bedroom floors. That's something the homemaker will appreciate. There's nothing like stairs to wear a woman out if she has to run up and down them a hundred times a day, and it seems as though she usually does.

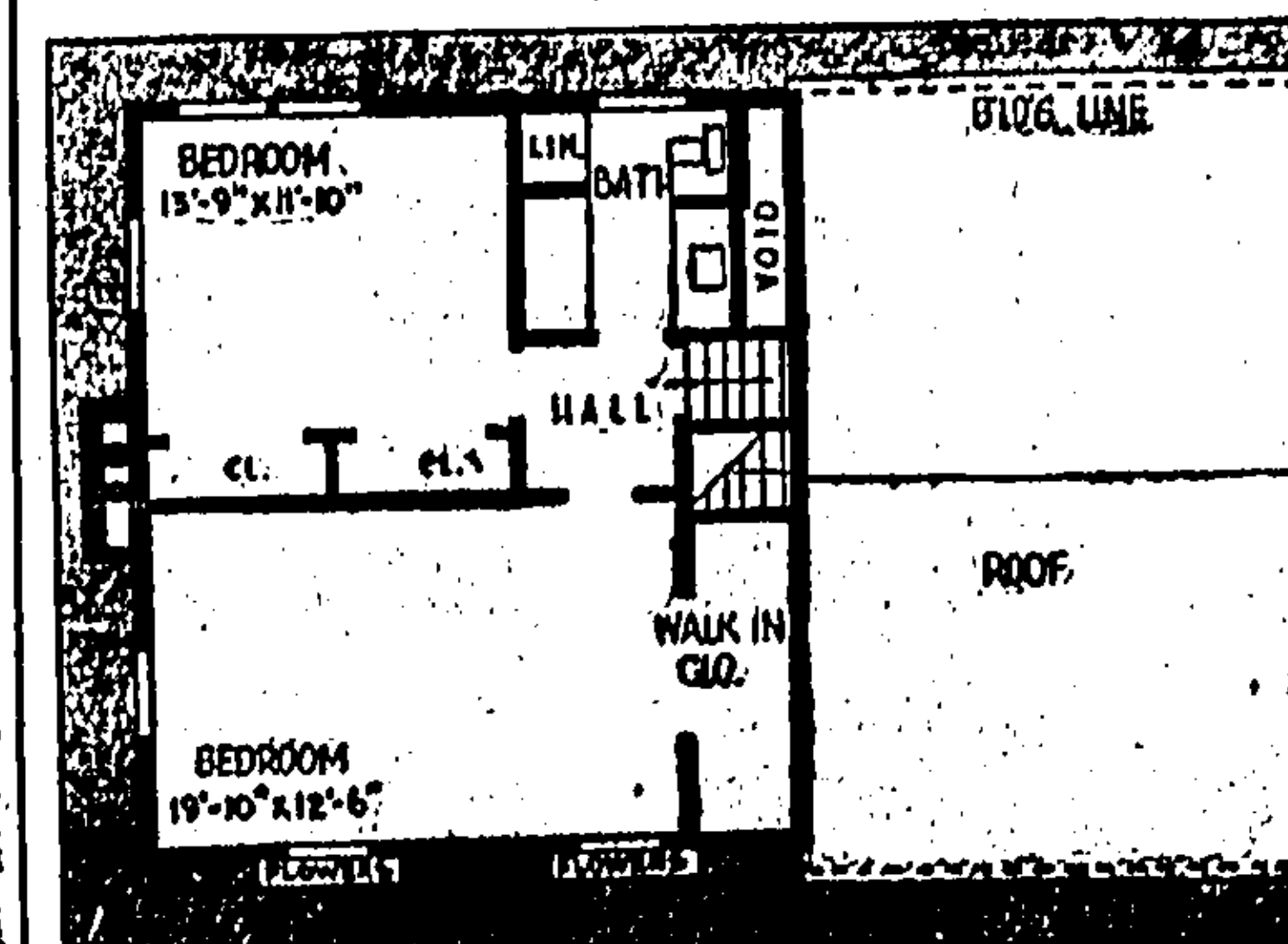
Design H-318-KF comprises 30,298 cubic feet.



ONE WAY TO DECORATE master bedroom is to use a window-to-window cornice, which provides something unusual in wall interest.



AN ATTRACTIVE INNOVATION is a planting box placed by the short flight of steps that leads up from main level to the bedrooms.



A SECOND LEVEL of bedrooms over the living area features one with double closets, a second with a very spacious walk-in closet.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Add two teaspoons of ginger soap jelly to use for washing and one teaspoon of cinnamon lingerie or shampooing hair. To give men's shirts a longer life, rotate daily wear. To save space, hang laundry put newly laundered shirts at the bottom of the pile. Worn-out shirts, add water and simmer gently until the soap is entirely dissolved. Pour into a glass jar, butter shirts over dinner, and let cool. This makes a handy or clean.

Enjoy The Sunset At Dinnertime

CITY people sometimes forget there's a sunset more beautiful than any decorator's living or dining room. It comes about dinner time, and one can enjoy it even if one hasn't a yard, terrace or piazza.

Go up on the roof. Nine cases out of ten, it's safe, clean and accessible, and allowed by the landlord. Let family come along with the bridge table and chairs, and whatever you planned for dinner.

Bring a jar of drinking water; don't forget the carton of milk for the youngsters. Use paper or foilware throw-away dishes and be sure to leave the roof clean.

And bring up a couple of blankets and some pillows for relaxing afterwards, and some sit-down games and picture books for the children.

Too much bother? Not a bit of it. You'll find it enjoyable, even exhilarating. You're well rewarded as you eat "in the open" and watch

the glorious panorama of the setting sun.

Dinner

Beef Salad Calfonade
Beef Recheugue on Rice Ring
Apparagus on Toast
Raspberry Chocolate Cream
Hot or Iced Coffee or Tea Milk

All Measurements Are Level
Recipes Serve 4 to 6

Beef Recheugue: Add 1 beef bouillon cube to 1 (1 lb.) tin mixed vegetables or a 10-oz. pkg. cooked frozen mixed vegetables and heat. Stir in 1 tsp. tomato ketchup mixed with 1 tsp. browned flour and 1 tsp. butter.

When boiling, add 24-3 small-diced remnants of tender cooked beef, and 1 tsp. minced parsley. Serve in a rice ring.

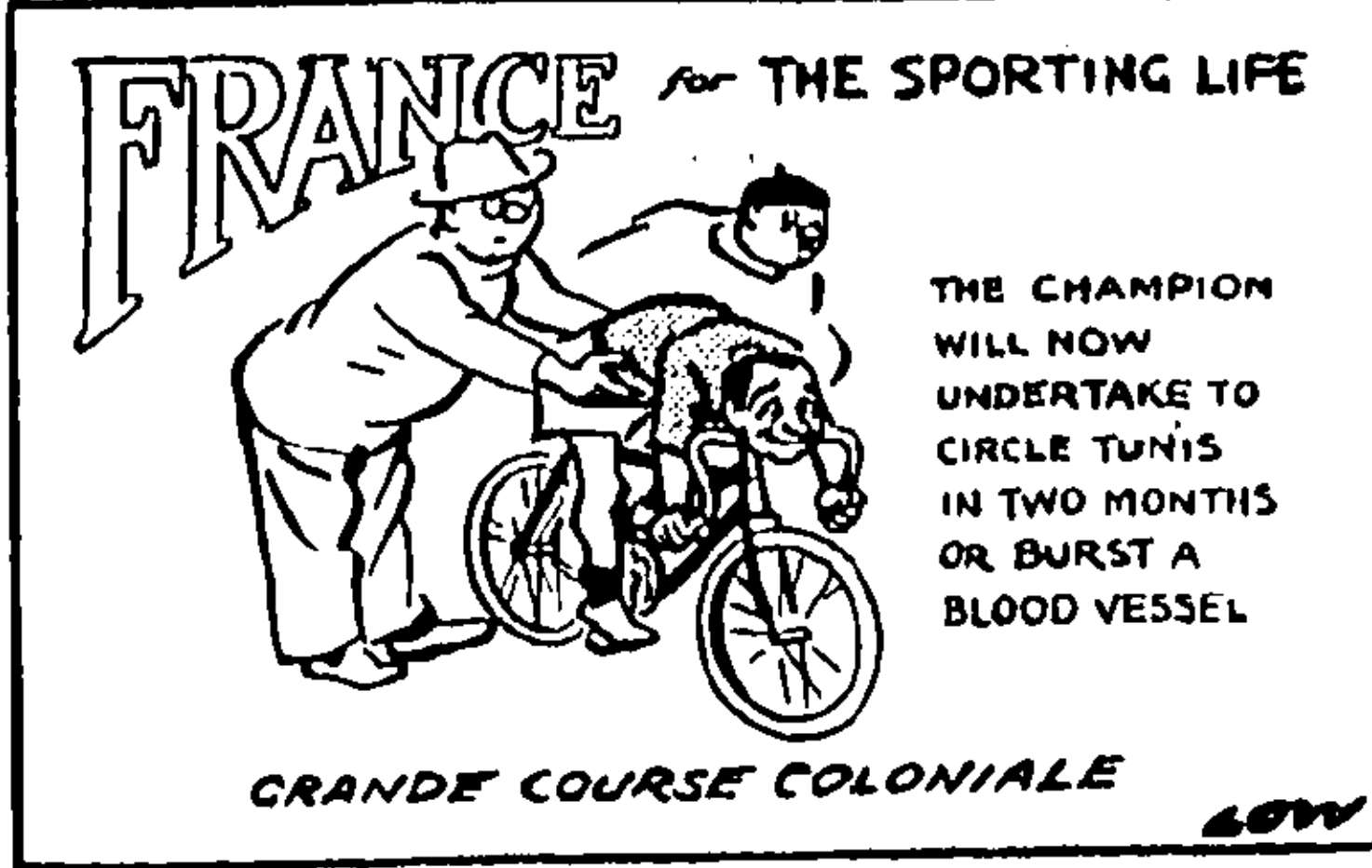
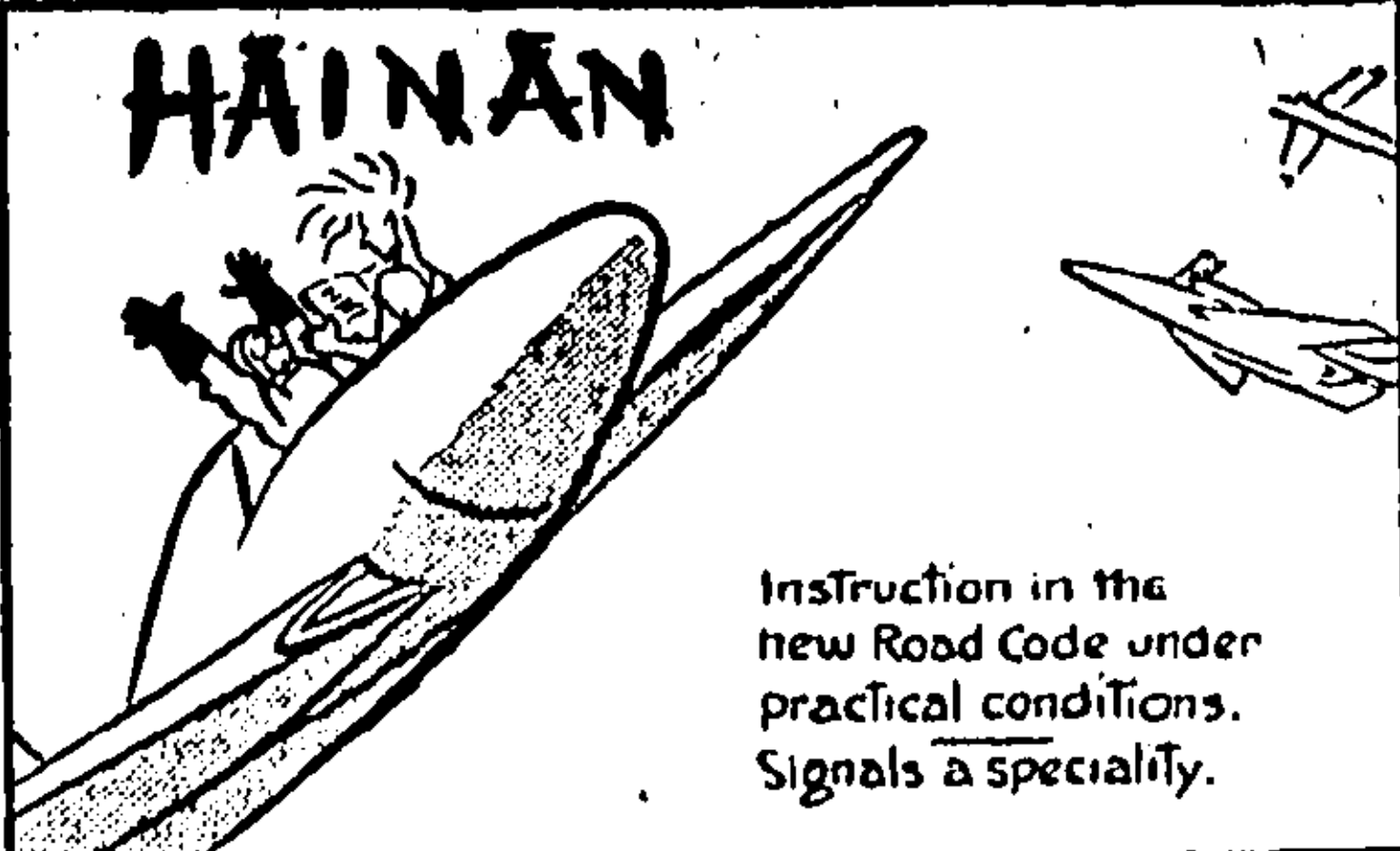
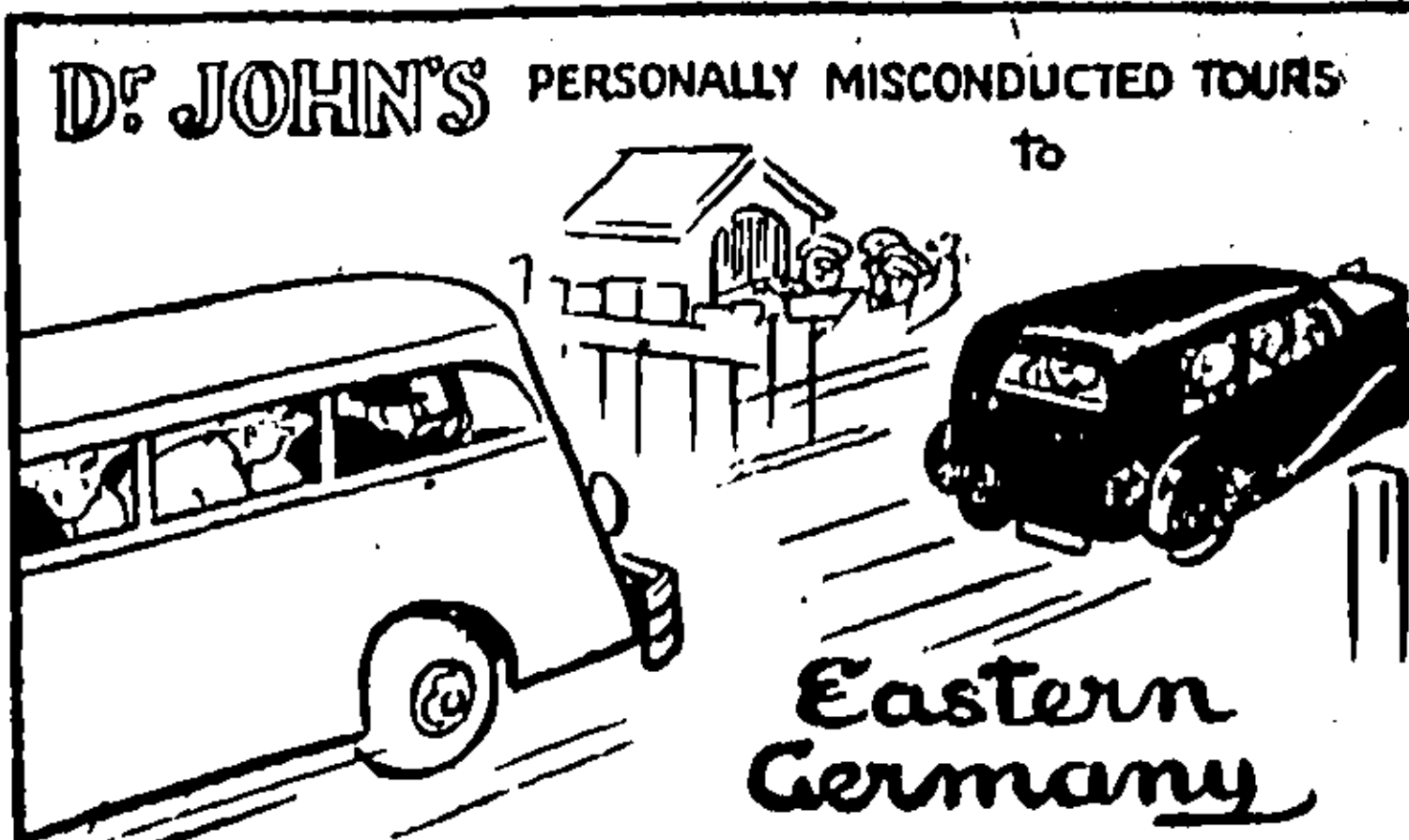
Raspberry Chocolate Cream: Make up 1 pkg. raspberry-flavoured gelatin using 1/4 c. boiling water.

Melt 3 squares unweetened chocolate in 1 1/4 c. milk; add 1 tsp. milk to 2 beaten egg yolks, stir in, and cook and stir over hot water until slightly thickened. Add to the raspberry gelatin.

Refrigerate 30 min., or until beginning to thicken. Fold in 2 remaining egg whites beaten stiff. Chill until firm.

Serve in sherbet glasses. Garnish with whipped cream or topping, and fresh or half-thawed frozen raspberries.

—JDA DAILY ALLEN



HOLIDAY HINTS

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THE KREMLIN—A YEAR AFTER BERIA

By WALTER KOLARZ

IN the year that has elapsed since the disgrace of L. P. Beria, the composition of the Soviet hierarchy has undergone considerable changes. The triumvirate, Malenkov-Beria-Molotov, has given way to the duumvirate, Malenkov-Khrushchev. Who is the more powerful, Malenkov, the Prime Minister, or Khrushchev, the First Party Secretary? I do not think that anybody in the West can answer this question with any certainty for the time being.

It is a fact, however, that of all the Soviet leaders, Khrushchev has benefited most from Beria's fall, and that his position has been consolidated during the past year. It was Khrushchev who was the main speaker at two vital sessions of the Soviet Communist Party Central Committee—in September 1953 and February 1954—which hammered out a new, more active, Soviet agrarian policy. Khrushchev was the chief delegate of the Soviet Communist Party to recent Communist congresses in Poland and Czechoslovakia, Russia's two European satellites with the strongest industrial potential.

During the celebration to mark the tercentenary of Russian-Ukrainian union Khrushchev was singled out for particular praise. At the jubilee session of the Ukrainian Supreme Soviet, the First Party Secretary of the Ukraine, Klitschenko, emphasised Khrushchev's part in all the achievements of the Ukraine between 1938 and 1949. According to the official minutes of the session this eulogy was twice interrupted by applause.

up steadily. Soviet trade which has always been the special domain of Molotov, who has also taken a hand in liquidating the confusion which the Beria crisis caused in his native Armenia. Kaganovich seems to have abandoned the overall co-ordination of industry and to be devoting his attention more specially to transport problems which have clearly emerged as one of the main anxieties of the regime.

The only case in which the division of work and power between the Kremlin potentates has been carried out not on a functional but on a territorial basis is that of Ponomarenko, a candidate-member of the Politburo. He has taken over the direction of Party affairs in Kazakhstan.

In the complete harmony in this post-Beria and post-Beria Kremlin or is the world confronted with a new struggle for power? There is no direct information available. Nevertheless, there are signs that a fight is going on behind the scenes.

Certain conflicting views which have come into the open during the past few months indicate that both politicians and theoreticians of the Soviet



KHRUSHCHEV

But even more significant was the speech which Puzanov, Premier of the Russian Federation, delivered at the jubilee session of the Supreme Soviet of the R.S.F.S.R. He said: "In organising the rout of the interventionists and the internal counter-revolutionary forces, and also in the work of reinforcing Soviet power in the Ukraine, there participated outstanding representatives of the Party: I.V. Stalin, V.M. Molotov, K.E. Voroshilov, M.V. Frunze, N.S. Khrushchev, F.M. Dzerzhinsky, M.I. Kalinin, L.M. Kaganovich."

Malenkov was left out of this list of leading Party personalities who have taken a prominent share in Ukrainian history; Khrushchev and three other members of the present Party Presidium were mentioned. If Malenkov were about to become a new leader, a real successor to Stalin, he would have been included in any list of meritorious Party chiefs whatever the historical facts.

Malenkov and Khrushchev have become joint heads of a collective team the other members of which keep closely to their departmental spheres. Foreign policy has remained in the hands of Molotov, though clearly under the guidance of the Party Presidium. The armed forces have remained under the guidance of Marshal Zhukov, going

regime disagree over the post-Stalinist ideology of Communism. Although it is impossible to say for the time being how the rival parties are composed, it can no longer be doubted that they do exist.

Every regular reader of the Soviet press is bound to notice three deep-rooted divergences that betray the existence of two different currents within the Communist Party.

Take the most sensational aspect of the biological controversy, the personality of Academician Lysenko, for instance. During this past year Lysenko has been repeatedly attacked, obviously with the backing of somebody very high, perhaps Khrushchev himself, who was the first to denounce Lysenko's "heredity" theory. Lysenko has been able to keep his post as Pre-

sident of the Agricultural Academy and to continue publishing important statements on agro-biology. So there must be another important faction in the Kremlin with whom Lysenko remains in favour.

In literature and the arts differences no less important have come to light. There the alternative is between orthodox Zhdanovism, i.e. strict and merciless regimentation, and a more liberal policy which allows writers and artists to impart a more personal touch to their work. There are obviously certain high-ranking Party men who have acted as patrons of the victims of Zhdanovism, for instance of Zoshchenko and Pasternak. Soviet literary journals have suddenly resumed publication of their works. But there is another group which anxiously watches any departure from the Zhdanov line and which has been powerful enough to have Zoshchenko and Pasternak attacked in the press.



MALENKOV

contradictions. The desire to accommodate local non-Russian Communists by concessions has alternated with arbitrary action in the opposite direction and with demonstrative re-emphasis of the arrogant doctrine of Russia as the "elder brother".

Developments to date, following Stalin's death and Beria's disgrace, may only be a forerunner of things to come. Failing the emergence of a new dictator, the internal differences, having been unleashed, are likely to grow to complicate still further the Soviet domestic scene.

FOOTNOTE: It is not possible to determine the exact date of Beria's disgrace. The first indication of it was his failure to attend a performance at the Bolshoi Theatre on June 27, 1953, at which all the other full members of the Party Presidium were present. The meeting of the Central Committee expelling Beria must have taken place at the beginning of July, but the official announcement was not made until July 10.

A KILLER WILL STRIKE TODAY

From Donald Ludlow

Someone in New York will be murdered today. Twenty-seven New Yorkers will be brutally assaulted—punched, kicked, coshed, and left helpless.

How do I know? Because it happens every single day. New York's grim-faced Police Commissioner Francis Adams, the man who has been given a free hand for six months to clean up the city, has just made this bitter announcement over TV.

America's biggest city is "becoming a community of violence and crime," he said. He gave this picture of an average New York day as seen from police records:

First the murder and the 27 brutal attacks, then—
1 death by criminal negligence;
3 women assaulted;
140 homes and businesses raided by burglars;
40 cars stolen;
31 citizens held up and robbed in the streets;
99 major thefts;
16 miscellaneous felonies such as fraud, possession of dangerous weapons, and sex offenses.
Police Chief Adams said the city needs 7,000 more police (it has 20,000 now) and needs higher pay to attract the right type of men to this hazardous profession. Present pay averages \$20 a week.

Republics In The Commonwealth

By P. C. GORDON WALKER, M.P.

London. FOR how many people in the Commonwealth is the night of August 14 just a date in the middle of the summer holidays?

But it is a date we should remember. For on that night, nine years ago, India and Pakistan achieved independence. August 14 is a red-letter day for Pakistan and August 15 for India—marked by celebration and rejoicing.

Should this date also be a day of rejoicing for the rest of the Commonwealth? Or is it a milestone on a downward road? Have we as a group of nations been strengthened or weakened by the Membership of the Asian nations in the Commonwealth?

Some British newspapers and politicians tell us that we are paying too high a price for their membership. Are we not, they ask, oversteering our relations with the USA by taking too much into account the views of Pakistan and India about South-East Asia?

Apart from that, India is a republic and Pakistan will soon be one. Doesn't this weaken or even destroy the traditional links that have in the past held the Commonwealth together?

Sad Day

It will be a sad day for us if ever we fall for this sort of talk. It is wrong and short-sighted. If the Commonwealth tried to turn the clock back now it would miss the chance that lies ahead of becoming one of the most important forces in the world.

Take first this question of republics in the Commonwealth. It is not nearly so radical or revolutionary a departure as many people think.

It's all part of the sort of development that led Australia and New Zealand to assert their right to join the ANZUS Pact even though Britain was not in it. By the end of the second world war all the 'older' Members of the Commonwealth insisted upon their full sovereignty and complete equality with Britain—both in deeds and in words.

The outward sign of this change was the proclamation of the Queen by each of these countries as their own Queen and not just the Queen of England.

But is there so much difference between Canada and Australia claiming the right to govern themselves in the name of their own Queen and the claims of India and Pakistan to govern themselves in the name of their own President?

Same Position

Even were there no Asian Members of the Commonwealth, we would be in much the same position today; for South Africa would almost certainly have insisted upon some recognition of its right to a republic, whether it chose to exercise this right or not.

When India became a republic in the Commonwealth, it was only underlining the right of every Commonwealth country to govern itself under its own Head of State—a right that had already been established by Canada and Australia.

We shall see how slight a change is involved when Pakistan turns itself from one of the Queen's realms into a republic. The President will exercise the same powers as the present Governor-General—no may very likely be the same man.

The Asian Members of the Commonwealth must recognise the deep feeling in Britain and other Commonwealth countries about the Queen and the Crown. But we too must recognise that for these Asian countries the Crown has been a symbol of alien rule. It is understandable that they should prefer a republic as the emblem of the sovereign independence which they share equally with all the other Members of the Commonwealth.

Essential Thing

The essential thing for Membership of the Commonwealth is that all its Members—whether realms or republics—recognise the Queen as Head of the Commonwealth and the symbol of their association. This common recognition of the sovereign has always been the most important link of Commonwealth.

It means that a republic in the Commonwealth is every whit as much a Member as a realm like Canada or Australia or Britain herself.

This is of vital practical importance. The Commonwealth is no longer a set of semi-independent 'Dominions' gathered round a 'Mother country' that looks after their defence and foreign policy for them.

If Britain were to put on airs as the country with a right to tell the rest of the Commonwealth what to do—not only would Pakistan and India take no notice of her; neither would Canada, Australia or South Africa.

On the other hand, if we recognise that Britain is now one Member amongst equal Members in a Commonwealth that consists of both realms and republics—then we can together set about bringing to bear the immensely increased total power that now exists in the Commonwealth.

Above all, now that Asia has become one of the most critical areas in the world, we must realise the great importance of the Commonwealth's Asian Members.

Great Strength

They have in some ways different ideas on foreign policy from the rest of us in the Commonwealth. But they represent between them democratic Asia. The goodwill and support of this democratic Asia is the greatest prize in the world. If the West should forfeit it, it would be crippled as a force against tyranny and dictatorship.

The great strength of the Commonwealth is that it is now as much Asian as it is Western. It contains in itself the only real bridge in the world between Asia and the West—a bridge that is built into its very structure.

This gives us a decisive advantage over America. Just because they are Members of one Commonwealth, the Western Members have a much profounder understanding than the USA of opinion in the Asian Commonwealth. For the same reason India, Pakistan and Ceylon pay more attention to their views than to those of America.

This is what that wise and far-seeing Commonwealth statesman, Mr St Laurent, Prime Minister of Canada, meant when he said: "The day will come when we will look back on the achievement of the freedom and independence of India, Pakistan and Ceylon as the greatest event in Commonwealth history."

So—August 14 should be a red-letter day for all of us in the Commonwealth. It marks the "greatest event in Commonwealth history."

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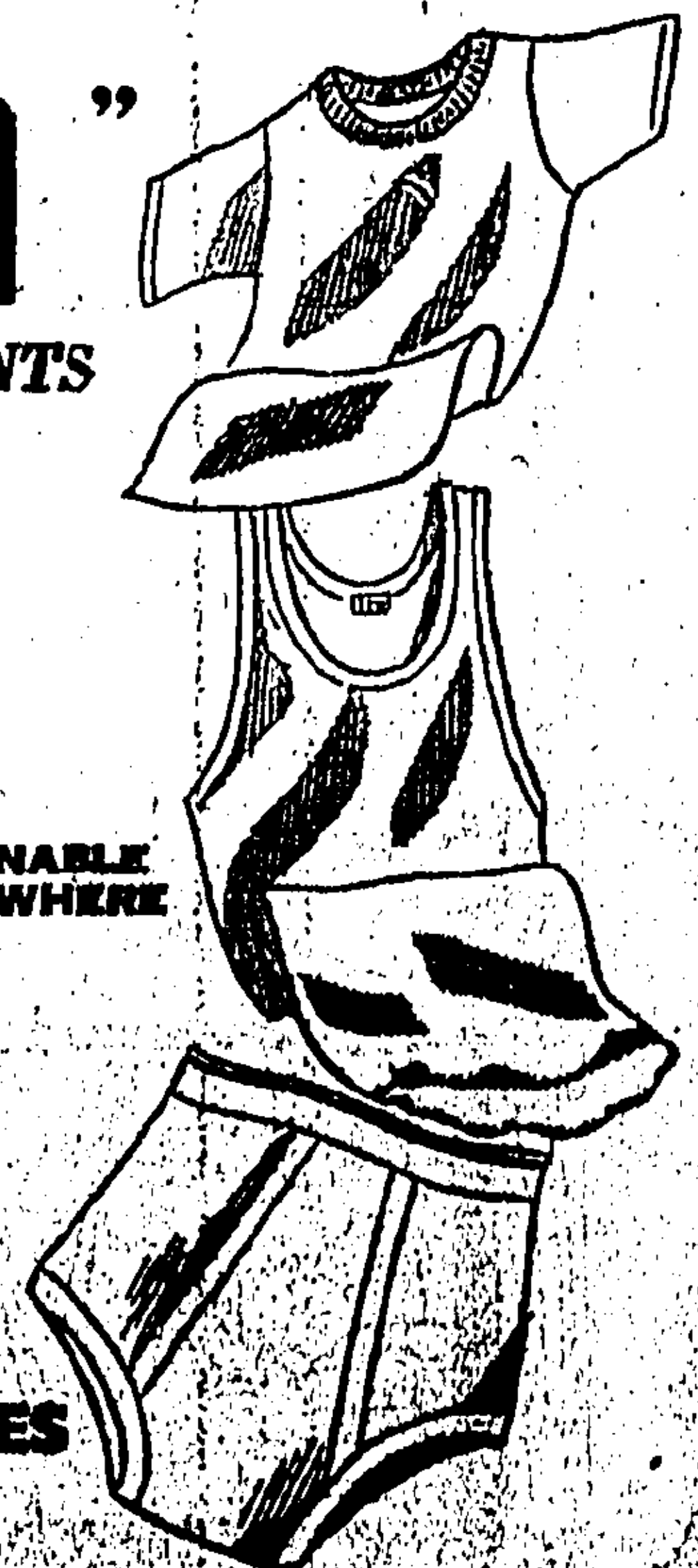
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Getting Out Of That Tough Spot

By BERNARD HUNT

Temper and trouble add up to the most vicious of all vicious circles in golf. Maybe they have a wider and more general application, but right now we are only concerned with this terrible pair as they clog our golf. The one produces the other. One minute you are lying beautifully for a birdie; the next you have sliced the ball off a perfect lie into rough a foot deep.

That's your trouble for you. Your temper flares immediately. The danger is that you storm into the rough after the ball and—still blazing—attempt the impossible shot to the green, and get into more and still more trouble. I know you have done it. In fact, we have all done it. The point I have to make here is that too many of us still do it.

The answer, I think, is to make it a right rule to stop for a moment and calm yourself down before you attempt the shot. I know I know you feel a fool. But you are only going to feel a bigger fool if you storm on and play at the ball while your mind is angry. Anger tightens the muscles, spoils the timing and ruins what is already a difficult shot.

If this sounds like a pompous, you must excuse me. It has to be said, for it happens to be true, and it is one of the most important things about the game. It is no use me trying to tell you how to get out of trouble. Nobody can do that. Every trouble shot is different. Your shot depends entirely on the lie of the ball, the nature of the trouble, and the obstructions ahead and around you. The club to take and the stroke to make hinge on all these things.

But there is one general rule every handicap golfer should make—especially a long handicap player—and that is, when in trouble, get out the shortest and easiest way. Don't take that blind swing and attempt the 100-to-1 chance of beating the rough, the trees, the pond, the lot, to try to get the green. It just doesn't work out.

The good player never does it. The 100-to-1 shot is never a reasonable risk. Why take it? Why pile three sixes, seven and eights on your card? You can't force a golf ball through a forest, or drive it 200 yards from deep rough. The thing to

do is to decide the shortest and easiest way back to the fairway, try for the green with the next shot and hope to make up the lost shot with a one putt.

You will never be a professional if you play the rough. It is the one place I really take my time. I study the lie, the amount of grass or heather round the ball, the obstruction through which I have to force the club, the amount of further rough between me and my objective; then I calculate the chances of getting the green or going for the nearest but of fairway.

Unless I am very sure of coming out well I always pick the easiest way—get back on the fairway and try to make amends with my next shot to the pin.

FROM THICK GRASS

When the ball is in heather or thick grass the aim must be to bring the club head on to the ball WITHOUT its speed being lost going through more grass or heather than is necessary. In other words, in these lies you must bring the club down very much steeper than usual so that the face comes into the back of the ball as cleanly as possible.

I should say this forcing shot is probably the only one in golf where the left elbow leads throughout the stroke. This is done here in order to prevent any roll of the wrist and to keep the face of the club open and on the ball right through. Quite obviously, no great power or great distance can be achieved.

But it does allow the power needed to reach better ground.

For this shot, of course, you need a steep-faced club, and you have to realize that if you can come fairly cleanly into the back of the ball in this way your club will be fairly well closed as you reach the point of impact, and you will often achieve a greater distance than you expect. An absolute essential is a firm grip—not a tight one—a firm grip so that you withstand the tendency for the grass or heather to turn the club in your hand.

If the "trouble" you are in demands one of these fancy hook or slice shots to get round intervening obstacles, you should make up your mind firmly what you intend to play and, if your opponent is against the pin and you cannot afford to play safe, go boldly for it.

Neither the hook or the slice is difficult for the professional, but few handicap players hit with the precision needed to bring them off. Still, the technique of the shot is not difficult.

For the slice the idea is to open the stance, swing slightly from outside-to-in to keep the face open, and play boldly through the ball with your aim directed towards the left of the green.

For the hook, close the stance, put your right hand more under the shaft, swing from in-to-out, and go through the shot with a slight roll of the wrists aiming to the right of the objective.

If the high cut-up shot is called for to clear any obstacle, go boldly for it. Take your steepest faced club, open your stance, swing from out-to-in so that you bring the club across the ball, play the ball from inside your left heel, and hit firmly down and through to take a good divot. It isn't at all difficult, and the secret of it is confidence and boldness.

The four racers have to pedal at a terrific speed and cover over 3,000 miles, much of it through the Pyrenees and Alps. Many of the toughest riders have to give up, so fierce is the ordeal.

Eleven men and their burly trainers are the unchallenged No. 1 sports "pin ups" of 60 million West Germans.

They are the footballers who won for Germany the World Cup from Hungary in a surprise victory which set all Germans, from jackbooted Berliners to wine-drinking Rhinelanders, cheering themselves hoarse in honour of the Fatherland.

The only fly in the Teutonic ointment were the four glances from other nations when Germany's swashbuckling FA Chairman, Pecco Bauwens, spelt what was a genuine sporting achievement by a Nazi-type "victory speech" in which he dragged in all the hoarse-voiced sword-rattling and flag-wagging which many Germans would like to forget—at any rate in connection with football.

But the eleven were still given a tremendous and triumphant nation-wide welcome as they travelled "in State" to their respective hometowns.

Today Germany's pin-up sportsmen are getting ready for their game against England next December. No one in Germany believes they can lose.

EVERY NATION HAS ITS OWN SPORTING HEROES — A VARIED LOT

Heroes of the day need not necessarily—in spite of the "Cold War" era—be political ones. Britain has "heroes" in almost every field of sport. Len Hutton, generally regarded as the finest cricket batsman in the world, is a hero to thousands of cricket enthusiasts. In football, Stanley Matthews is perhaps the most popular and admired figure.

Perhaps the best choice for the hero of the year would be the young Doctor Roger Bannister who became the first man ever to run a mile in less than 4 minutes.

France's sportsman of the year is almost invariably the winner of the 41st Tour de France bicycle race who rides into Colombes Stadium, Paris, to the acclaim of thousands.

He earns his place as the year's best athlete because the Tour is probably the world's most gruelling sporting test, an all-professional event which breaks even the hardest.

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GOAL SCORER

Although he doesn't carry as much as a top-ranking, bull-fighter, 27-year-old Argentine-born Alfredo Stefano di Stefano, tall, lithe, fast-moving centre-

forward of the Royal Madrid Football Club, has won nationwide fame as Spain's most popular and most talented sportsman.

Stefano shot thirty goals during the season just ended, thereby playing a big part in helping Royal Madrid to the League Championship.

As the outstanding figure in a sport which is even more popular than bull-fighting, he has won a unique position in Spain. His working, intelligent, and a good companion off the field, Alfredo has just signed a four-year contract with Madrid's number one club—at a fee of £5,000 a year.

Without a doubt, Adolf Christian, the shy, lanky 20-year-old amateur cyclist, is the most popular sporting figure in Austria so far this year.

For the young Viennese upholsterer has just won the Tour d'Autriche, Europe's longest, toughest and biggest bicycle event open to amateur riders. Competing against the cream of Europe's amateur cyclists, the fair-haired youngster with the "winning smile" romped home far ahead of his nearest rival.

Champion Adolf only started his racing career three years ago, and this season he has won every race for which he has entered. The young man now "hopes" to be chosen to represent his country in the World Championships to be held in Germany next month.

AND AGAIN

Fausto Coppi, World Champion cyclist, is Italy's most popular, most photographed and most temperamental sportsman. Millions of fans swear that he is unbeatable in a road-race—providing he doesn't change down into a bottom-gear "mood melancholy" en route to the finishing line.

For "Il Campionissimo" (Champion of Champions) gets mighty mad when a well-wisher

throws a bucketful of water over him during a race over the sun-baked roads—and forgets to keep hold of the bucket. And such things do happen to him. The shrieking signers get really uncontrollable when a sweating Coppi pedals into view looking as if he might welcome a slugging.

When he outdistanced all the opposition to win the world title in Switzerland last year, the passions of his followers boiled over like champagne bottles. He had to have special police protection for a week.

165-MILE RUN PLANNED

A 40-year-old athlete from the little gold-mining town of Germiston, near Johannesburg, is planning his greatest project—a Marathon run of 165 miles.

He is Wally Hayward, South Africa's greatest runner and the country's sportsman of the year. "Wally the Wizard", as he is called, just keeps on breaking records. When he was last in Britain (in October last year) he broke the world's 100-mile record by running from Bath to London in 12 hrs. 12 minutes.

But the outstanding achievement of this master runner's career was witnessed a few days ago (July 17) when he ran 100 miles from Stander-ton to Germiston in 13 hrs. 8 mins. to clip 3½ hours from the national record.

Hayward, who in private life is a building inspector, runs through rain, sleet, headwinds and a temperature which at one time fell to five degrees below zero. The run was one of the greatest displays of endurance in the history of sport.

His proposed 165-mile run may be even more severe than his last. He will run from Newcastle (Natal) to Johannesburg, across mountain roads and vast stretches of bare veld country.

LEAGUE BOWLS

End Of The Race For First Division Honours Likely Today

By "TOUCHER"

Today's full programme of Lawn Bowls League matches will probably see the end of the race for First Division League Honours.

The two top and only contenders at the moment, Recreio Blues and Kowloon Cricket Club, are scheduled to clash at Cox's Road in their return encounter. A 4-1 win for the Blues will practically leave them a clear field towards the winning post.

The Cricket Club bowlers, who hold the distinction of inflicting the only defeat on the Blues this season, when they edged out their opponents by 3-2 in their first meeting, are, however, confident that they could not only repeat but better that performance.

A 4-1 win will bring them to within half a point of the League leaders and give them a fighting chance of dethroning the Champions at the end of the season.

On paper the KCC team is much stronger than the one which took to the green in the first match against the Blues, who are a slightly weakened side this afternoon.

With also green advantage in their favour, the KCC bowlers seem set for an important win.

this afternoon. They will, however, have to produce their best to overcome the steady and consistent bowling of their opponents.

A great deal will depend especially on the display of the KCC front men with the No. 3's as the key positions.

Both Jimmy Wong's and T. E. Baker's rinks are fully capable of taking their points and leading their side to a 4-1 win.

In the other First Division games, Kowloon Bowling Green Club are likely to experience little difficulty in taking at least four points from Police to avenge their earlier defeat.

Craigengower Cricket Club, at home to Filipino Club, will have to fight extremely hard to avoid a 4-1 defeat although playing on their own green.

At Recreio, the Whites, who went down to Indian Recreation Club by the overwhelming margin of 6-0, will be afforded an opportunity to make amends, though it is doubtful if they can fully avenge their earlier defeat. On their present form a 4-1 win for the Indians is extremely likely.

The Second Division games will feature the clash between Kowloon Cricket Club and Craigengower at Cox's Road. This match will be one of survival for both teams as the team which drops this game will be practically out of the running for the Championship title.

The Valley Club took a 4-1 decision in the first match and seem capable of repeating that win, although their opposition this afternoon will be much stronger.

The League-leading Indian Recreation Club will be guests of the unpredictable USRC team, and on their present form are not likely to face any danger of defeat. However, their main task is to collect as many points as possible in this and their remaining matches to shake off the challenge by Craigengower, KCC, Hongkong Football Club and Talook.

Now, on September 14—almost four years to the day after his accident—24-year-old Hobbs is to have the most important fight of his career.

At Harringway, London, he will meet Johnny Williams (27), former British Heavyweight Champion, over ten rounds.

Promoter Jack Solomon is applying for the contest to be recognised as a final eliminator for the British title held by Don Cockell.

Welsh-born Williams lost the title to Cockell in May last year.

—(London Express Service.)

Joe Mercer, whose bow-legged build control has dominated millions of fans, plans to capture a new public through the pen.

For Joe Mercer, Captain of Everton, Arsenal and England, is to become Joe Mercer football writer, for one of England's national daily papers.

He has not played since breaking his leg in April. But his sharpshooter role does not mean Joe will remain an armchair footballer. This season he has signed on again for Arsenal as a player—London Express Service.

—(London Express Service.)

CRY FOR COMMONWEALTH MEN IN RYDER CUP MATCH GROWS STRONGER

By JAMES GOODFELLOW

British golf was given a jolt when Australian Peter Thomson won the Open Championship at the age of 24, and the Amateur Championship went to another Australian, Douglas Bachli.

It could do with the services of both. Thomson in the Ryder Cup team and Bachli in the Walker Cup side.

Never has the reason been stronger for changing the conditions governing these international contests to allow the selection of players from the Commonwealth.

The USA no doubt would welcome a wider representation and stronger opposition. Gene Sarazen, former US Ryder Cup player, gave voice to that opinion when in England for the Open Championship.

The Thomsons, Lockes and von Nidas, and the Bachlis and Toogoods could brighten international golf.

Two big problems: who would provide the funds and who would choose the players from the Dominions?

The Professional Golfers' Association, I am told, have no funds available for the payment of expenses of players from the Dominions. Only enough money

left from the Wentworth match gate to pay for the transport of our team to the USA next year.

OFFER REJECTED

Which leads to another provocative question. Has the time arrived for a change in the staging of Ryder Cup contests?

An American promoter has offered to run the next event on his own course if he is given control.

He would give guarantees which would solve some of the money problems and would give payment to our players.

I think players should be given payment in the greatest international golf event and not just be content with the glory and higher status that comes by it.

The promoter's offer has been rejected because it is felt that an international event of this importance should be run by the PGA of both countries and not handed over for exploitation. —(London Express Service.)

Shot In The Arm For British Golf

A British golf sponsor is angling for a tournament with a prize of £1,000. He plans to stage it about the time of the Open championship as an added inducement for top-ranking Americans, accustomed to big prizes, to come to Britain. It would give the British tournament season a much needed shot in the arm.

—(London Express Service.)

New Type Balls

Balls which stay put better in high winds may be used in some future cricket matches in England. The new-type balls are two or three times heavier than normal balls, they are made of a special material.

—(London Express Service.)

BENEVOLENT BRASS-HATS

Keith Andrew (24), Northants' Lancashire-born wicketkeeper, and his 21-year-old fiancée Joy Lancaster, had arranged their autumn wedding date.

Then Andrew was selected for the Australian tour. That created problem No. 1.

The Army made problem No. 2 by telling him to report for training.

Now a happy ending has come with a brief message from Andrew. "I am home," he has been released from 14 days' reserve training due to commence September 25.

Now Andrew has re-arranged his wedding plans and will marry, honeymoon, then go to Australia.

—(London Express Service.)

£850 PAY FOR PROFESSIONALS ON MCC TOUR

Professionals on the MCC tour to Australia will be paid £850 each a week pocket money. Each man will also receive a bonus of up to £150, though this will depend in some measure on good conduct.

Amateurs, of whom there are five in the touring party, get expenses. The tourists are each insured for £10,000. Dark blue blazers and tape bearing the St. George and Dragon emblem will be worn.

—(London Express Service.)

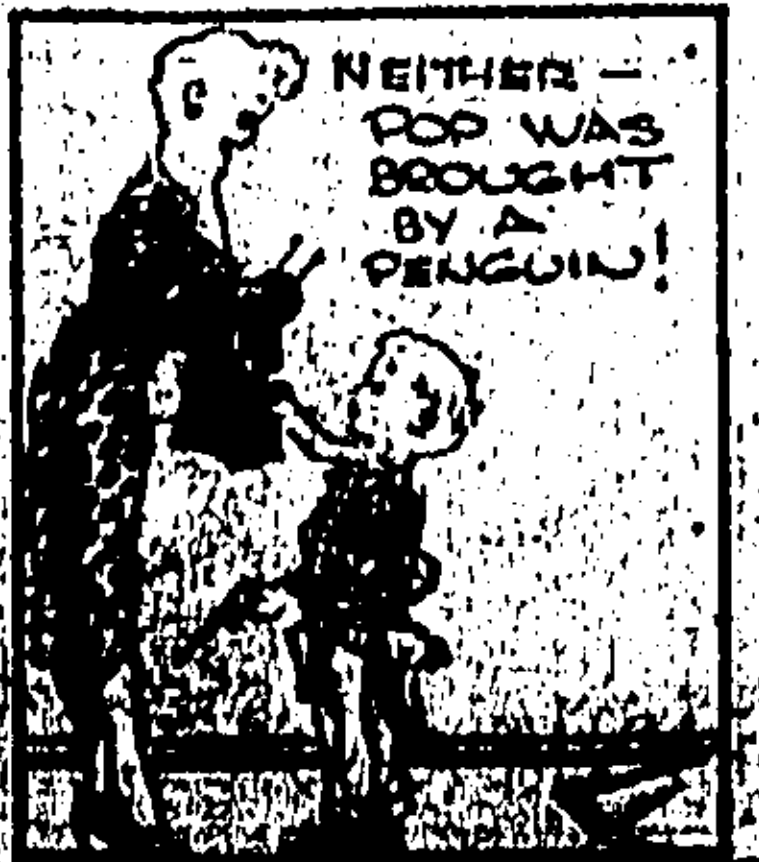
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SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



TALK ABOUT A FUSS, NOW THE VIRUS HAS CAUGHT ON IN AUSTRALIA

Says ARCHIE QUICK

Talk about a fuss, what is cricket coming to? There was a fuss over the question of Len Hutton or David Sheppard for the captaincy in Australia. It was really a storm in a teacup engendered by the more sensational of the national newspapers. In fact, Sheppard was merely a stand-in for a couple of Tests because Hutton was injured. It was as simple as that once Len had declared his willingness and physical fitness to make the trip.

Now the virus has caught on in Australia. Lovable Lindsay Hassett has come to the end of his career, and what a to-do there is blowing up over his successor. Arthur Morris or Keith Miller are the popular selections, but a third man, Ian Johnson, is quietly being introduced into the scheme of things.

It all arises over the Interstate jealousies which exist between New South Wales and Victoria. The former naturally want either Miller or Morris; Victoria may plump for Johnson, who was omitted from the last tour of England the same way as Miller was left out of the last party to tour South Africa. The irony of it is that Miller is Melbourne-born.

Miller is the NSW captain, Morris the vice-captain. Hassett stood down from the Victoria skipper's job in favour of Johnson before he retired. It all amounts to a lot of jockeying. Hassett's move may be a straw in the wind that would point to Johnson being appointed, but I would say that the odds are still in favour of Miller. They can hardly appoint his State vice-captain above him.

Miller is a flamboyant personality. Can cricket afford to ignore such colourful people, even if the England team does not include another such personage in Fred Trueman?

The game is poorer without them, and goodness knows the game is not in a strong enough position of popularity to pick and choose. When you think of the great Test captains of the past from both countries you cannot help feeling that Miller is just the man to join them.

As for Trueman, the Australians were not at all squeamish about the hostility and vigorous appealing of their fast bowlers in the days when Warwick Armstrong captained Jack Gregory and Edgar McDonald in their all-out attack on England.

Ask "Patsy" Henderson and the rest of that era's batsmen. Black and blue all down their left sides was their lot. Henderson even went to the extent of appearing in a Lord's Test with padded armour. "I should have worn a boxer's training headgear too," he has said since.

THE TRAIL-BLAZERS

The success of Britain's middle and long distance runners with their 1-2-3 victories in the Empire and Commonwealth Games at Vancouver have stirred memories of those equally great athletes who, under inferior technical and track conditions, blazed the trails immediately after World War I.

Most of them came from Oxford and Cambridge Universities and ran in the colours of the famous Achilles Club. What a cavalcade they form—H. M. Abrahams, G. M. Butler, D.G.A. Lowe, E.D. Mountain, V. E. Morgan, H. B. Stallard, Lord Burghley, C. A. J. Emery, K. S. Duncan.

Lord Burghley is now President of the Amateur Athletic Association, surprisingly crippled by giving hurdling exhibitions too long after he had actively retired. "Sandy" Duncan is now Hon. Secretary of the British Amateur Athletic Board, and Harold Abrahams is the Amateur Association's Hon. Treasurer.

Behind the scenes, perhaps the two men of the representative bunch I have named who have done most to bring British athletics to their present high level are Abrahams and Butler—and in sharply contrasting ways.

Abrahams has the statistical mind that analyses races like a chartered accountant looks at a column of figures. He is almost a scientific approach to the sport, and his success has been made so much easier by the aid of the appointed coaches, and a woman's name Abrahams.

can tell you in cold fact almost any timing or distance for years past, and its significance.

Guy Butler is a camera fiend. What Abrahams takes down in numerals he records on film and those valuable documentaries as the length and breadth of the land pointing out what is wrong and what is right in any given race.

Probably he was the greatest stylist of them all completely in rhythm and the poetry of motion. Quite twenty years ago I was shown a film showing his complete circular run of 300 yards in thirty seconds. It had been slowed down for study purposes, and the grace of it could not have been equaled by a yacht or a deer. Butler by the way, still holds the official world record for this distance.

Not all of the pioneers, of course, were Varsity Blues. Albert Hill, for instance. He was a typical Cockney who won two Olympic Gold Medals, but, by and large, the foundations of the present day athleticism in this country were established by the Light and Dark Blues who flourished in the late 'twenties and early 'thirties.

HUNGARY-CONSCIOUS

Whatever the forthcoming football season holds in store in the matter of changed tactics, the clubs have certainly gone Hungary-conscious in their training. There is hardly an outfit in the country that has not introduced some novel note into its pre-season preparation. Whether any of the new methods will bear fruit is a different thing altogether.

Certainly, in the encouragement of team spirit, to be rated the highest of the necessities towards success there is much to commend the ideas of Bristol Rovers, who went for a week under canvas in Somersetshire, and Brighton and Hove Albion, who sent their players for a week's holiday at Ostend. Much of the irksomeness of early training must have been obliterated in these unusual surroundings. So much more enjoyable than lapping round and round the same old familiar football pitch.

Brighton's antics on the Belgian sands attracted hundreds

of people, and Rovers' training was also watched by big crowds. Moreover, Bristol, in conjunction with the local County Football Association, improved the shining hour by coaching youngsters in the evening. And Manager Bert Tanne always with an eye to the main chance when it comes to cultivating local talent, would be looking out to sign anyone promising enough.

Comparatively, Bristol Rovers have just about the most successful post-war record of any club—bromideous ground improvements, Second Division football for the first time and an established place in the exalted company, no men transferred away, no big fees paid. The whole structure of this success has been built on team spirit from players imbued with a civic pride.

Brighton are getting workouts from Manager Bill Lane which should qualify them for stage jobs as acrobats and jugglers. They walk about on their knees for suppleness, on their hands for balance, and run up and down the concrete terraces for additional poise, mostly running backwards.

Given a ball each, a dozen or so of them will mill around each other like a swarm of bees—this for ball control in dribbling. Then they have to keep the ball bouncing on their heads, knees and elbows. What I did not see in a prolonged training spell was anyone shooting at goal!

Another team with a mission of ambition are Chelsea. Manager Ted Drake predicts the club's most successful season ever—and it could be. They have only to carry on where they left off last May to be among the Championship challengers.

And, equally ambitious, is the determined young man who has just signed amateur forms for them, Seamus O'Connell. This Carlisle-born player set his goal at an Amateur International "cap" and an Amateur Cup Final medal, and proceeded to win them both last season, with Bishop Auckland. Now this talented inside-forward wants a full "cap," and has left relegated Middlesbrough for Chelsea.

ALEC BEDSER'S Column

The Canadians' Tour—A Reminder That Cricket Is Played In America

In England for a short but intense tour are the Canadians—a reminder that cricket is played on the North American continent. Included in their programme is as novel a fixture Lord's has seen for many years—an unofficial Test with Pakistan, who were admitted to the Imperial Cricket Conference in 1952.

Several of the Canadians are West Indians, including that entertaining stroke-maker, Ken Trestrall, who was a member of John Goddard's triumphant party of 1950.

This sets me wondering whether the combined efforts of West Indians and Englishmen, now settled in Canada, will sow the seeds of cricket enthusiasm which will eventually lead to yet another country within the international circle.

A few years ago the MCC sent a side to Canada, and I remember R. W. V. Robins, the former England and Middlesex captain and now a selector, telling me how impressed he was with the interest in cricket there. I say the more cricket-playing countries the merrier, and good luck to Canada.

YANKEE ENTHUSIAST

And while I was writing the above paragraphs I received a letter from Mr A. W. Sayen, junior, one of the keenest followers of cricket to have met. He lives in Princeton, New Jersey, and makes a habit of leaving America to watch Test matches.

He was present during the memorable struggle at Lord's in 1903 when England held Australia to a draw when everything seemed lost; and he turned up at Kingston, Jamaica, in the last series between the West Indies and England.

International Floodlit Soccer For Wembley?

Sir Arthur Elvin, chief of the world famous Wembley Stadium, hopes to have floodlit international football there this winter.

One bank of lights has already been installed in the stadium and has been tested. Officials are delighted with results.

But the complete installation of lights is expensive. Fitting out the whole stadium will cost more than £18,000.

To meet the expenses, Sir Arthur is demanding from the Football Association a guaranteed minimum of three games a year for three years.

If agreement is reached, Wembley's first floodlit match will be late in November. (London Express Service).

McCarthy To Fight Italian

Sammy McCarthy, smiling boy of British boxing, will meet Enrico Miceli of Italy in London on August 24. It will be the 22-year-old Stepinac boy's first fight since beating Ronnie Clayton for the British featherweight title. The contest will be over 10 rounds at 9st. 2lb. Miceli represented Italy as a bantamweight in the 1952 Olympic Games. (London Express Service).

Moreover, he plans to go to Sydney next year to watch one of the Tests in Australia.

This globe-trotting enthusiast was once a fast bowler of a side from Philadelphia, and he has never lost his love for the game. He has now written a cricket book, which is in the hands of a London publisher, called "A Yankee Comments on Cricket," and he intends to put all the profits towards a fund for retired English professional cricketers.

There is no such fund in operation at present, but it is the intention of this live-wire Yankee to launch one! I think it is nothing short of amazing that such an idea should spring from America. It's just like an Englishman living in London starting a fund in America for retired baseball players!

Mr Sayen junior (though he's 71) does not think English professionals are over-paid, and he devotes one chapter to comparing the salaries of cricketers and baseball players. While some cricketers, like myself, are fortunate enough to receive a fat benefit, it is true some leave the game without any substantial savings.

I have always been told that Americans are go-getters. Now I am beginning to believe in the truth of the saying!

HOW THE NEWS CAME

I have been checking up with my colleagues, chosen for the Australian tour, on how they heard the exciting news. Most heard it on the radio. I had actually just got off the train from Manchester, where I had been playing in the third Test against Pakistan, and switched on my car radio a minute before my name was announced.

Denis Compton was given the news by a waiter, and Godfrey Evans by a garage attendant when he stopped for petrol. Keith Andrew's immediate thought was about his wedding, for he had arranged it at a date after the team sails on September 15.

As Keith was always a fair bet for the position of deputy wicket-keeper to Evans, I reckon he was a modest man not to plan for this emergency. Then he remembered he had also received notice of two weeks' Army training—also after the team was due to leave.

Keith, who like his colleague Frank Tyson has had only one full season's first-class cricket, will have to do quite a lot of retraining. They are the first Northamptonshire professionals ever to be selected for an MCC tour of Australia, though, of course, F.R. Brown, captain of the 1950-51 team, played for the same county.

TREE-FELLERS ALL

Tyson, perhaps the fastest bowler in the world, is also a university man with a BA degree—a case of brawn allied to brain. Last winter he felled trees to improve his strength, and that is a curious coincidence that Alan Moss and Peter Loader undertook the same work in previous years.

BRITISH and Best



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John Landy To Compete In British Games

John Landy, Australia's four-minute mile runner, will compete in the British Games at the White City today.

This will be his first British appearance since setting up his world mile record of 3 min. 50 secs. in Finland on June 21.

But Roger Bannister, the only other four-minute mile runner in the world, will not be there.

Roger, who raced against Landy in the "Mile of the Century" in the Empire Games at Vancouver last Saturday, wants to be at his best for the European Championships at home later in August and figures he cannot run three fast miles within a month.

(London Express Service).

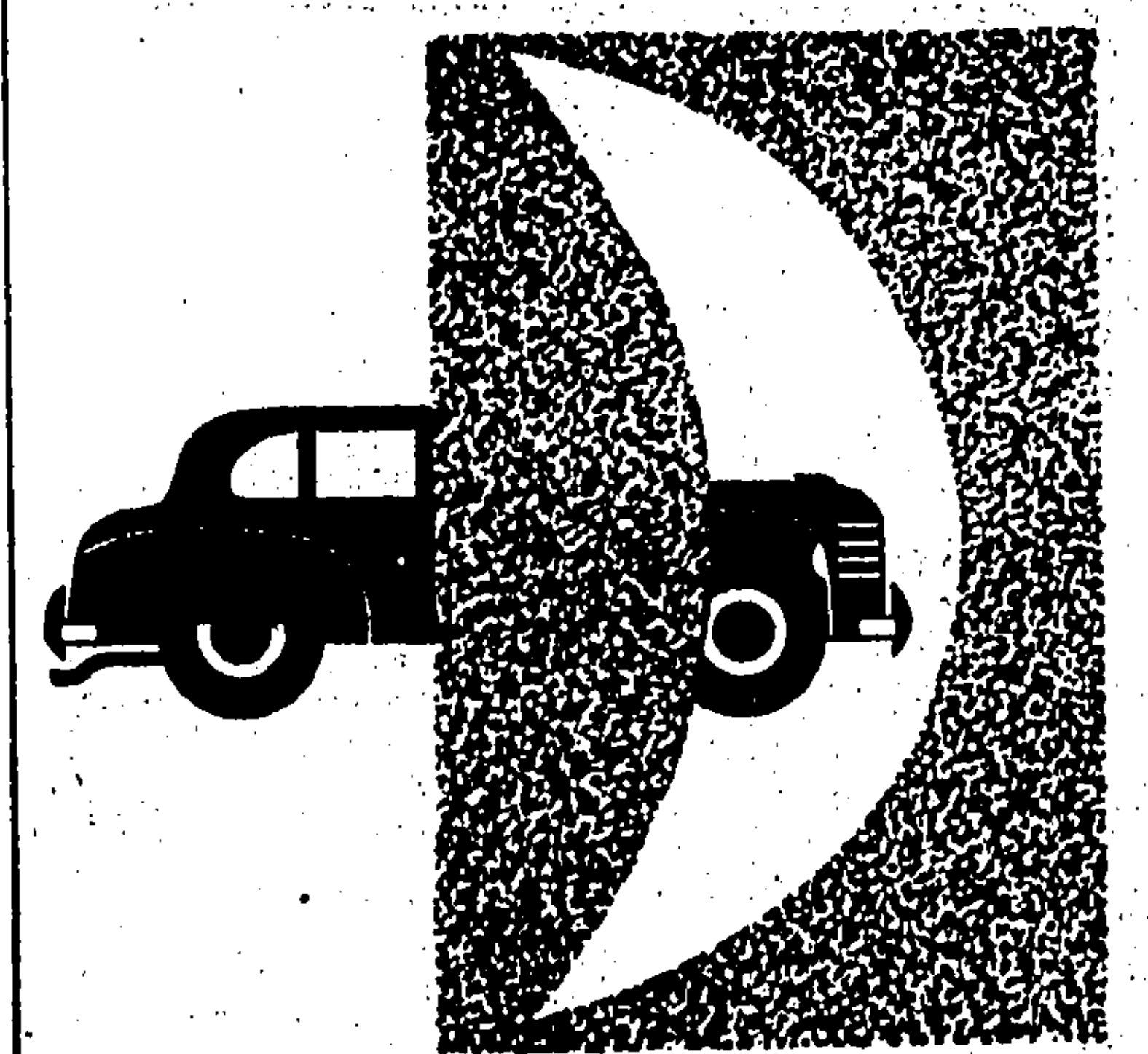
Wales Plans For The 1958 Empire Games

Mr Ted Prater, secretary of the Welsh Empire Games Federation, has announced that a new swimming pool is to be built at Cardiff for the 1958 Empire and Commonwealth Games.

It is also planned to use the nearby St. Athan aerodrome as an "Empire Village" to house visiting athletes.

The drome has good facilities for accommodation and training, including a swimming pool and indoor gymnasium.

A cinder track will shortly be laid. Actual track and field events will take place at Cardiff Arms Park, the famous Rugby stadium. (London Express Service).



While you sleep...

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THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



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Via Southampton, Port Said, Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Penang & Singapore		
Homewards	Leaves Hongkong	Due London
"CARTHAGE"	20th August	20th September
"CORFU"	21st September	21st October
"CANTON"	22nd October	22nd November
"CHUSAN"	17th November	18th December
Via Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Bombay, Aden, Port Said & London		
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Homewards	Leaves Hongkong	Due London
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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

As Early As 2,000 Years Ago

Marble Games Were Popular Among Egyptian Boys

By EVA BRINKER

MAYBE Egyptian boys yell: "Slips!" "No hitting!" and "Knuckle down!" but there is no doubt that Egyptian boys played marbles. Boys in old Rome played too. Their marbles were little round balls much like ours except that they were made of marble.

This is the way ours got their name—the first ones were of real marble, the beautiful stone we often see in public buildings. Marbles nowadays aren't made of anything so expensive. Most are of clay, stone, or glass. Clay marbles are cheapest. They are balls of clay, coloured and baked. Boys usually call them "mibs" or "commys."

In Germany people make millions of marbles from stone. They break a hard stone into little square blocks with a hammer and put them in a mill. The mill has a flat stone and a block of oak that fits over it. About 100 or 150 blocks are placed between the slab of stone and the oak top. The oak is turned round and round as water flows over the stone.

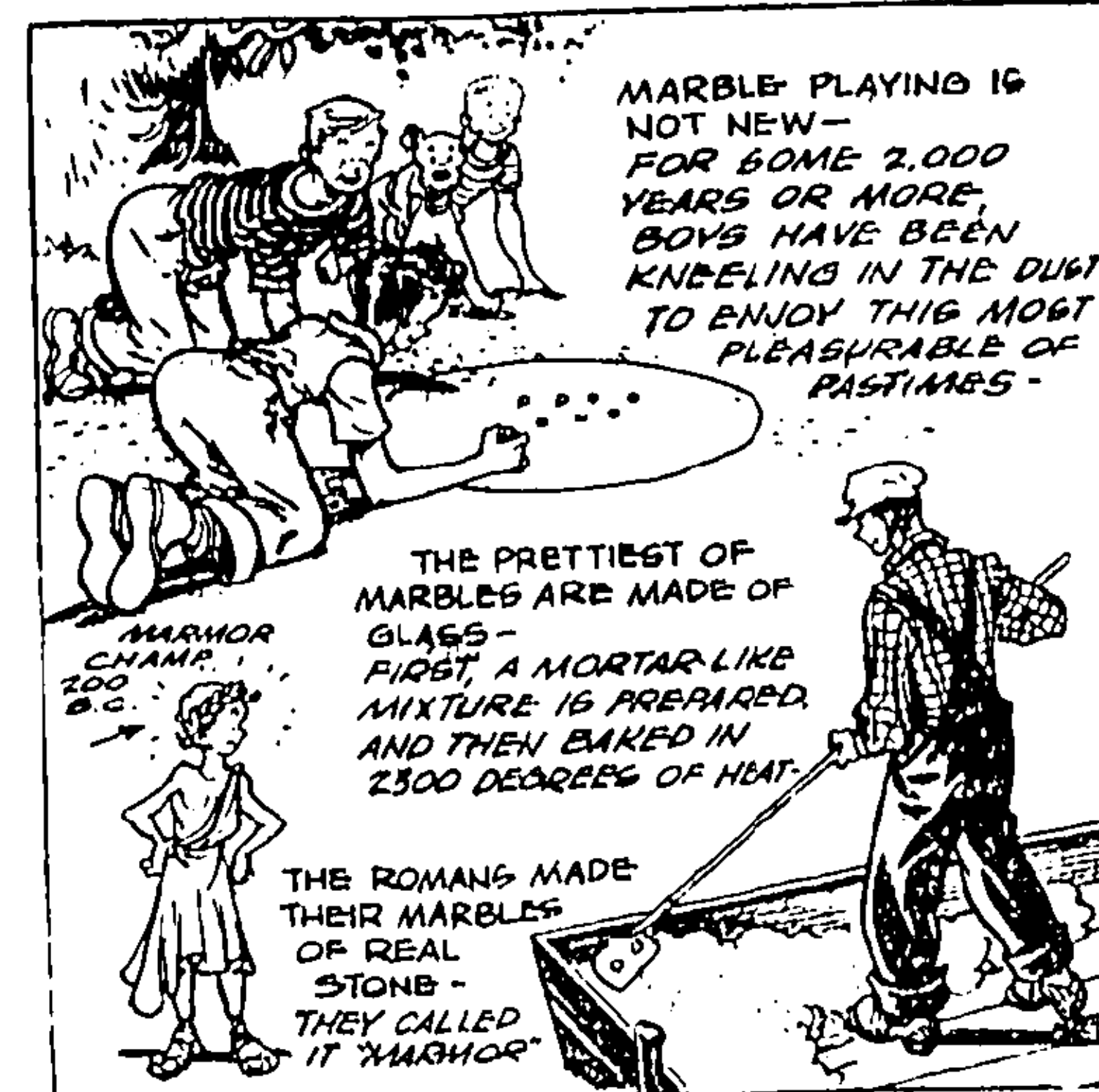
The Prettiest

In just 15 minutes the stone blocks are worn to round marbles. At one town in Germany there are three of these mills, and they produce over 60,000 stone marbles in one week. The prettiest marbles of all are made of glass. Just as a housewife mixes up eggs and flour and butter to make a cake, that is the way a glass maker mixes up his recipe for marbles. He weighs out the right amounts of a special kind of sand and several other materials, and puts them in a furnace.

When the mixture in the furnace gets to 2,800 degrees, it melts and the whole thing becomes like molasses. Now the men run it into a forming machine where it is moulded into little balls. Their colours depend on the particular recipe the glass maker used for this batch.

Many Uses

Have you ever seen a highway sign with raised glass letters? Those letters are formed of marbles set deep into the iron frame. Behind each marble is a tiny reflector. A car's



How To Play

In hatcheries where baby fish are raised, glass marbles are often used on the bottom of the pools. Fish seem to prefer this to a smooth bottom. And the marble-covered bottom provides a better surface for holding the fish eggs.

Marble players use certain terms that nobody else uses. To "knuckle down" is to have one or more knuckles on the ground when shooting. "Slips" is said by a player when he accidentally lets go of a marble before he is ready. To "blat" (pronounced like "bleed") means to raise the shooting hand from the ground. To "hunch" is to shove the hand forward in shooting.

Most players agree that a shooter should not be over 3/4 inch in diameter, while a playing marble is ordinarily 3/8 inch through.

Like Golf

Though Ringer is the game most often played by boys now, some boys play other marble games. One is called "Nine Holes." In this nine cup-shaped holes are made in the ground. The players try to toss or bowl marbles into each hole in succession. The game of golf which is a popular sport in many parts of the world, may have come from Nine Holes.

Hit and Span is a game in which one boy tosses his marble to a distance and the other tosses his as close to the first boy's as he can. If he hits a marble, he keeps it. If he comes within a handspan (a span), he scores one. Then they start again with the second player tossing first.

In games of marbles as in most other games, it is practice that makes perfect. In America, every year there is a marble tournament in which the best players in the whole country

Try These Water Games At

A Swimming Party

IF you can swim, you will like water games. So will your friends. Round them up for a swimming party and a picnic lunch afterwards. Everyone is sure to enjoy that.

BALLOON RACE: Have as many balloons as you have swimmers. Inflate each balloon to capacity and toss into the water. Swimmers must push the balloon ahead with their heads and advance to a given line in the water, then return. The first swimmer whose balloon reaches the finish-goal is the winner.

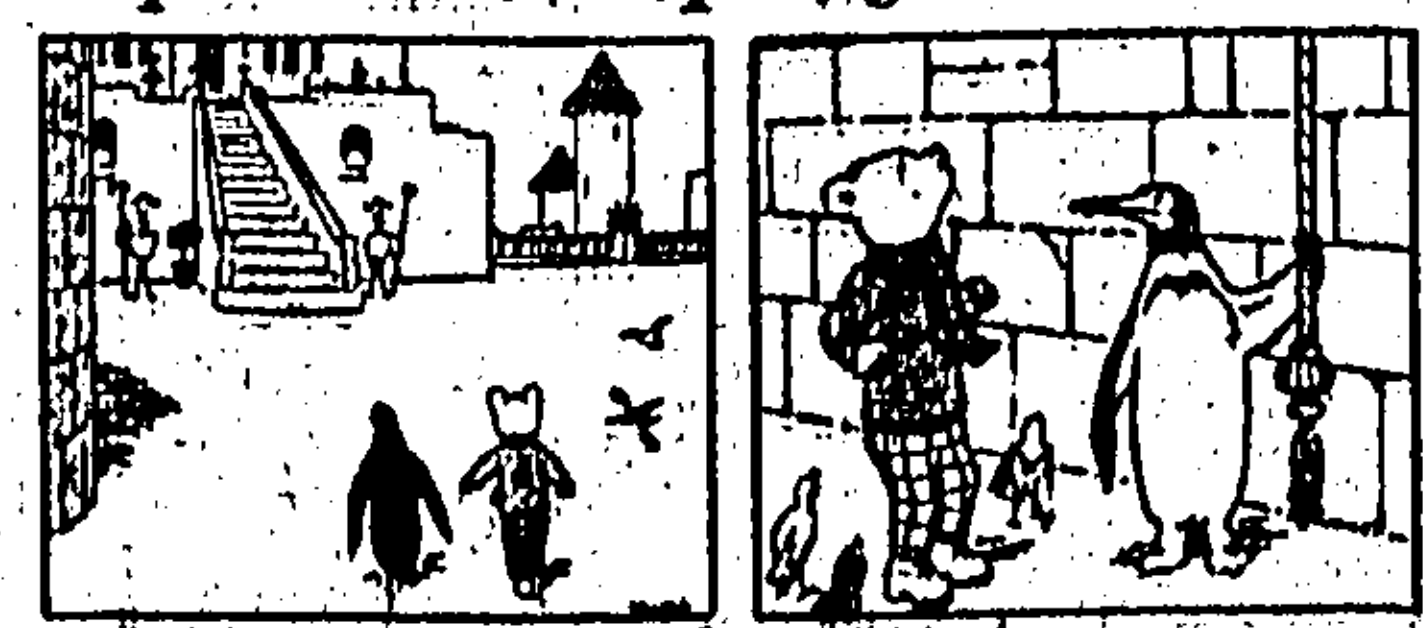
RHINOCEROS RELAY: Swimmers float for this one, and since they have no horn on their snouts like a rhinoceros, they must hold one leg up. Any hand stroke may be used to paddle the swimmer forward. If the "snout" drops, the rhinoceros is "out." First one to the goal is the winner.

FOLLOW THE LEADER: A kindergarten game that makes for excitement in the water. Swimmers must follow anything the leader does—walk on all fours, in shallow water, submerge, somersault, swim, jump, float.

SEAWEED TAG: A long strip of seaweed for this one. "It" must lasso another swimmer with it, either his arm, foot or head. The tagged swimmer becomes "it."

BALLOON BALL: Balloon is passed among a team of three. The other three-member team try to snatch the balloon away. —IRMA HEGEL

Rupert and the Spring Chicken—25



know just what I'm supposed to do with you," says his guide. "You've taken for the Spring Chicken so you'd better see it. Only don't blame me for what I say." The penguin then at a flick of his tail, he still kept his eyes on Rupert.

The Day Of The Stamp

THIS stamp prompts a question. Why, do other countries get so much more variety into their stamps than Britain does?

The answer is partly British tradition for uniformity and dislike of frequent change.

In Britain, special issues are few. The postal authorities have turned down suggestions for stamps to help charities on the grounds that if they yield in one case other deserving causes will flood them with appeals.

But look at France. She produces an immense variety of stamps and nobody suffers. Look at this one. It is issued to celebrate, of all things, The Day of the Stamp!

Man in the picture is M. Lavallette, Director of the Post in the Napoleonic years 1804-15.

The face value is 12 francs and there is an extra charge of 3 francs for an unnamed good cause.

The stamp is recess-printed; perforated 13 and costs 6d. in London. A really nice one—J.A.A.

A WILD "HORSE" FOR KNARF

By MAX TRELL

"WELL," said Knarf the shadow-boy with the turned-about name, to his sister, Hanid, "now that spring is here again, I think I'll go hunting for a wild horse."

"A wild what?" asked Hanid. Knarf repeated: "A wild horse."

A Fuller Explanation

Then, seeing that Hanid looked puzzled, Knarf explained. "I don't really mean a wild horse. I don't even mean a horse, at all. I mean I'm going to make myself as small as a pin, and go riding on something that will be just as good as a horse except a great deal smaller."

"Something like a grasshopper?" said Hanid. Knarf nodded. "A grasshopper ought to be all right. Would you like to come along and help me catch one? Maybe we could catch two."

Hanid said she didn't much care whether Knarf caught a grasshopper for her or not. "Grasshoppers bump around too much," she said. "If I make myself as small as a pin and pick something tamer than a grasshopper."

A Hunt in the Garden

So Knarf and Hanid went out into the garden behind the house and started to hunt for two "horses" to ride on, a grasshopper-horse and a daddy longlegs-horse. But before they began hunting for these animals (or insects, if you like), Knarf and Hanid made themselves as small as pins.

They used a spider web as a lasso. "Look," shouted Knarf, pointing excitedly, "there's a grasshopper hiding behind that daisy."

Knarf ran around one way. Hanid ran around the other. They both threw their lassos at the same time. But Knarf's lasso caught Hanid's, and Hanid's lasso caught Knarf's.



Away went Knarf on the back of a grasshopper-horse.

while the grasshopper jumped straight up into the air and was caught at all.

Finally, they spied another grasshopper sitting on a blade of grass, as it chewed a plug of tobacco. Knarf said "Sh-sh-h-h" to Hanid, and crept up behind the grasshopper with absolutely no noise at all. Then with a sudden shout, he sprang on the grasshopper's back.

Away went the grasshopper with Knarf!

Hanid watched her brother going up and down, up and down, over the garden wall, into the next-door-neighbour's garden, then over the goldfish pond, then over the picket fence, then across the road.

"Whoop!" Hanid heard Knarf shouting.

Knarf didn't get back until a full hour later. By that time the grasshopper was so tired, it could hardly pull itself along the way. It was much too weary to hop. Knarf had put a bit of the spider web around its neck as a halter and was leading it. He tied it to a daisy stem.

"I've got it tamed now," he told Hanid.

Just to show how tame the grasshopper-horse was, Knarf held out a bit of grass. The grasshopper nibbled it right out of Knarf's hand.

"Now, I'll help you find a daddy longlegs," Knarf said. "Oh, you don't have to," said Hanid.

"I don't?" said Knarf in surprise. "I thought you wanted one."

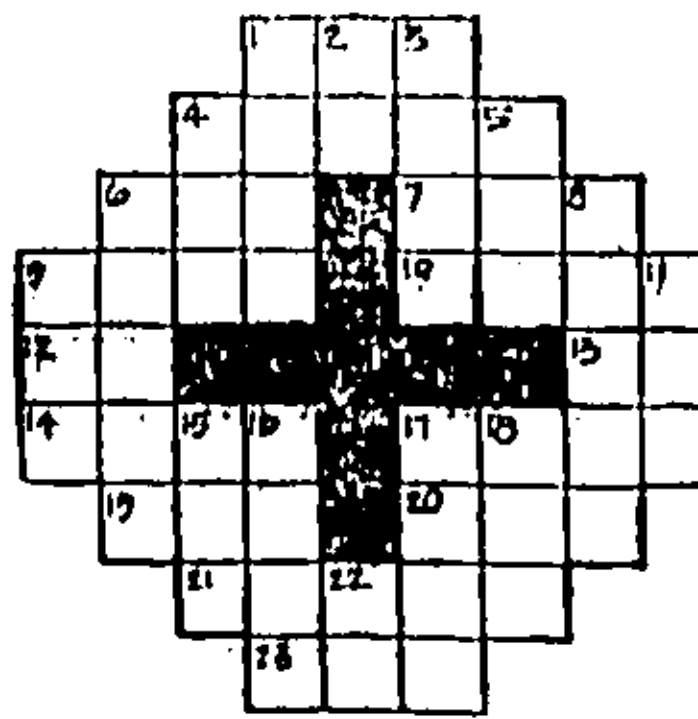
Hanid's Mount

"Look closely," said Hanid, "I've got one!" Knarf looked closely. Sure enough, standing right beside Hanid was the sweetest and gentlest and best-natured daddy longlegs in the whole garden. Its legs were so long and thin and its head and body were so small that Knarf hadn't even noticed it.

Later that afternoon, Knarf and Hanid both rode on their "horses." Knarf went flying and leaping and bumping, just as though he were riding on a wild horse. Hanid went marching slowly and steadily and smoothly, just as though she were riding on an old, tame, obedient who loved everybody.

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

Crossword



Riddles

1. What letter of the alphabet, if substituted, would make a dog act like a cat?
2. What word will, if you take away the first letter, make you sick?
3. Why should a ship's officer never put his chronometer under his pillow?
4. What is the difference between a bell and an organ?
5. Why is a violin like a bank of issue?

Triangle

This triangle hangs from ESTEEM. The second word is "to rage"; third, "ripped"; fourth, "a sea eagle"; and fifth, "a measure of type." How quickly can you complete the triangle from these clues?

ESTEEM
T
E
E
M

Add-Anagrammatic

Add a letter to "an Egyptian sun god" and have "an age." Now add another letter and scramble for "genuine." Repeat procedure and have "to change," again for "greater in stature," and once more for "a kind of football pass."

Word Square

If you rearrange the letters in each row of this square correctly and then rearrange the rows, you'll find you can read your answer the same down as across:

A	E	I	N	S
A	I	N	P	T
E	E	R	S	T
A	E	R	R	S
A	E	C	P	R

Word Chain

Change an animal SKIN to a PELT. Make only nine moves and change only one letter at a time, but be sure you have a good word with each change.

(Solutions on Page 20)

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YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14

BORN today, you want mental activity and cultural advancement. In fact, they are of top importance to you. Although you might enjoy having material wealth, you would never sacrifice your love for the arts just to follow a commercial or business career which would bring you money alone.

You are affectionate and sincere. Although your magnetic personality will put you continually in contact with persons of importance, you are not one to neglect old friends for those who are more successful.

Your talents will bring you a comfortable living. Your personal tastes are simple. Though you enjoy beautiful things and want the best, you can be satisfied with less than the best.

You women have a talent for styling and might become fashion designers or interior decorators. In any event, your own homes will show the love you have for colour and beauty. You are excellent hostesses and know how to make all types of people welcome and happy. You might, if persuaded, speak in public, but you will need to overcome a certain tendency toward stage fright. You men might make good diplomats or politicians.

Among those born on this date were John Galsworthy, novelist and playwright; Henry Clives, financier; Johannes Volter, physicist; Owen Webster, author; and John Penn, statesman.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 15

LEO (July 23-Aug. 23)

All aspects are fine now. You should have a splendid day. Get out doors with friends in the country, if you can.

VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sept. 23)

Relax, for once. Things are about to start going your way again. The clouds have a brief rest.

LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)

Plan a happy time today. The stars say that friends and relatives bring joy and happiness.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 23)

Think before you act. Don't permit impulse to upset you. Usually fine judgment of you will all go well.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 23)

The signs are very bright for you. Enjoy yourself thoroughly.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 23)

Perhaps you can combine business and pleasure over the weekend. An unusual opportunity may open.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)

After your usual Sunday devotion, devote the balance of the day to healthful relaxation.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)

Things are fine today. There are no obstacles which you cannot easily overcome.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)

Things are excellent today. For all your activities, you are fully equipped. Seek good advice.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)

Things are excellent today. For all your activities, you are fully equipped. Seek good advice.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)

Things are excellent today. For all your activities, you are fully equipped. Seek good advice.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)

Things are excellent today. For all your activities, you are fully equipped. Seek good advice.

BORN today, you have exceptional talents. It is one of the "brilliant" days of the year and if you are not an outstanding success, then don't blame the stars. There is one thing you need to guard against. You have so many capabilities, that you may tend to spread your interests over too wide a field rather than concentrate on some single objective.

You have tremendous energy. Both physical and mental, and you will reach it without fail. Fine as well as material wealth should be yours. You are a team player with those who work under you, but since you work hard yourself, you really get co-operation. You are also generous with those who share along with you, and you will share the rewards of your success.

You have a hot temper and must never let anger cause things in anger that you regret later on. Fond of children, you will own home and family. Wed at a fairly early age for the greatest happiness.

Among those born on this date were: Clement C. Moore, education; Marjorie Ransome and Ethel Barrymore, actresses; Sir Walter Scott, author; Edna Ferber, novelist; and Napoleon.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, AUGUST 16

LEO (July 23-Aug. 23)

A fine day for business. Get it done that you may have been planning for a long time. It will succeed now.

VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sept. 23)

If you have a new idea today, be quick to develop it, for you will find it is an excellent one.

LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)

The conjunction of two favourable planets will bring you good fortune just now. Take full advantage.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 23)

Inspiration is well favoured today. Put an idea into operation and you will gain materially from it.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 23)

You can make fine progress now. Business, the professions and even the arts are highly favoured.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 23)

This is the day when a new idea on the job will pay dividends; commendation from the boss—maybe a raise!

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)

If there are any difficulties today, it will be your own fault. The signs are okay.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)

Creative ideas in the arts or professions are rewarded if put into operation at this time.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)

You may take what looks like a wild chance and have it turn out all right just now. Aspects are excellent.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)

A new idea may bring real financial rewards now. Don't hide your light under a bushel. Promote your plans.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)

A fine day for a conjunction of inspiration and perspiration! One helps the other very much indeed.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)

You can make unexpectedly good progress now. Put your efforts into a new and exciting idea.

CROSSWORD

Across

- Old one should be remembered, the song urge. (12)
- "My — is as the old girl Calahad. (8)
- Eager to get around. (8)
- One of those enough for me, Napoleon, but have said! (10)
- Thirty-nine of this made a score. (6)
- Sunday one is high light of the festival's work. (6)
- Facing one often ruins invention. (8)
- Most of the text is followed by the artist. (8)
- The wide open space. (8)
- Paris. Traveler will change this and the old one. (10)
- The lady represents her country. (12)
- American money for living space. (10)
- Estimate start off with more. (10)

Down

- Courage such as a hero might show. (8)
- Baroque bought in a shop for a score? (1, 4)
- You may keep these killers out of your car! (7, 5)
- Has a cheese that spore man! (8)
- Try nice! Make a difference. (8)
- Long for a year and a bit. (8)
- Opera turnouts. (8)

Yesterday's Solution



"It's enough closet space for the clothes you'll have if we buy this house!"

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Faulty Guessing Will Backfire

NORTH 12		EAST	
♠ 7 2	♥ 8 5 2	♠ A J 10 5	♥ A Q J 8 3
♦ 10 7 4	♣ A B 6 4	♦ A B 6 4	♣ A K 6 2
♠ 8 5	♥ 10 2	♠ 10 2	♥ 10 2

SOUTH (D)		WEST	
♠ 6 4	♥ None	♠ 6 4	♥ None
♦ A B 6 4	♣ A K 6 2	♦ A B 6 4	♣ A K 6 2
♠ 10 2	♥ 10 2	♠ 10 2	♥ 10 2

South	West	North	East
♠ 6	♠ 6	♠ 6	♠ 6
♥ 2	♥ 2	♥ 2	♥ 2
♦ 4	♦ 4	♦ 4	♦ 4
♣ A	♣ A	♣ A	♣ A

By OSWALD JACOBY

WHEN today's hand was played, South and five clubs as a sacrifice. He thought his opponents could make four hearts, and he expected to be defeated at five clubs.

Both opinions happened to be wrong. West would have been defeated at four hearts, but South made five clubs. South was afraid that his club suit would provide only one defensive trick, and he therefore preferred to risk a small loss rather than allow the opponents to score a vulnerable game.

West opened the four of hearts, East put up the ace, and South ruffed. Declarer next led a diamond towards dummy's jack and West hopped up immediately with the queen.

West switched immediately to spades, leading low to East's ace. East returned the jack of spades, and South won with the king.

South now drew trumps in two rounds, and discovered that he could make the contract if he could set up the diamonds with just one ruff. He would then be able to discard a losing spade on one of his good diamonds, and dummy would still have a trump to ruff out South's own losing spade.

With this thought in mind, South next laid down the ace of diamonds. When the ten of diamonds dropped from the East hand, South had to decide who held the king of diamonds. The play had already indicated that East had started with the ace-queen of hearts. The play of the ace at the first trick denied the king, and if West had held the king-queen, he would have led the king to begin with instead of a low heart.

It was apparent also, from the play of the spades, that West's best spade was the queen. Was it likely that West would have bid freely twice if he held only the king of hearts and two side queens?

South decided against this supposition. He expected West to hold the king of diamonds as well. After taking the ace of diamonds, therefore, South led the nine of diamonds through West. West played his low diamond, hoping that South would guess wrong, but South had already made up his mind. He discarded the last spade from the dummy on his nine of diamonds.

When this held, the rest was easy. South could ruff a diamond in dummy, return by ruffing a heart, and run his remaining diamond. Dummy's last trump would then take care of South's last low spade.

G—The bidding has been: East South West North 1 Dmd. Double Pass 1 Heart Pass

You, South, hold: Spades K-Q-J-8-4, Hearts K-7-5, Diamond A-J-6-3. What do you do?

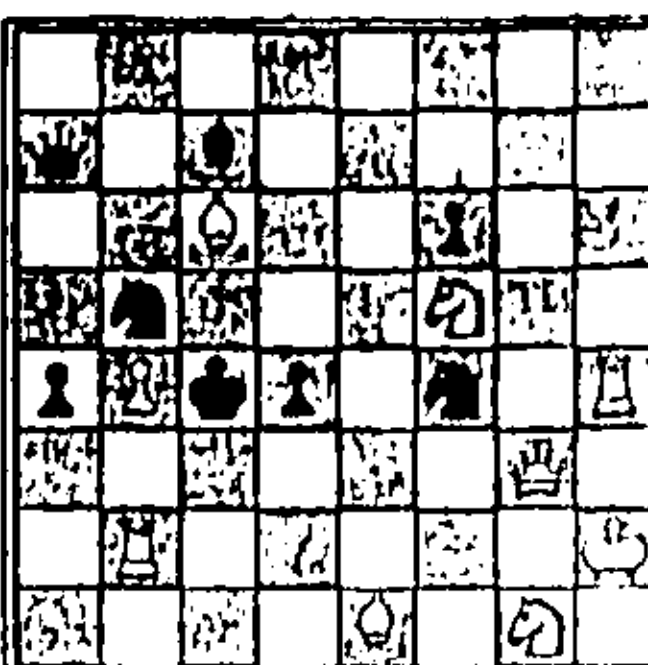
A—Bid one spade. By doubling first and then bidding your suit, you indicate a hand that is too good for a mere overcall of one spade. In this case, you are ready to support hearts if your partner rebids the suit.

TODAY'S QUESTION—The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold: Spades A-K-J-10-8-4, Hearts 7-5, Diamond A-J-6-3. What do you do?

Answer on Monday

CHESS PROBLEM

By E. J. PNIATK Black, 8 pieces.



White, 9 pieces.
White to play mate in two.
Solution to yesterday's problem:
1. B-B2, threat 2. B-R1
R-K8; 2. P-Q4 (ch); 1. R-Q6; 2. K-K16 (ch); 1. R-K5; 2. K-B7 (ch).

DUMB BELLS



BY THE WAY by Beachcomber

MINE has long been a lonely voice pleading for bigger and noisier bells. The recent choice of Victor Hugo's Hunchback does not satisfy me. The Waterloo chapter in "Les Misérables" would be more fun, with thousands of dancers trying to avoid the horses and the guns and the swinging sabres, and being thrown all over the place, and despatch-riders being slowly pushed into the orchestra-pit, horses and all. And a pas seul by Wellington's horse, Copenhagen. Enormous masses of struggling dancers are not as aesthetically as the old low-and-arrow and top-and-arrow stuff, but they are more democratic, and I am simply mad about this democracy business.

Wagwell's testimony
DEAR Sir,
My respect, to use no tenderer word for she who is now Mrs. Wretch, leads me to rush to her rescue in this controversy. If my name was ever coupled with hers it was only as her boss, not as what I might join have been, her effigy. The romantic tie between us, alas, progressed no farther than a gift from me to her of a large portion of whelks at Roreham-on-Sea, and from her to me of a smelt of thanks which used to come like a hastygram from a Zoo. Once, in play, I kissed her (illy-white) hand. The ensuing blush was like a sunset on a mountain. We all adored her, sir, but her heart was a rock of ice until Colonel Wretch melted it with marshmallows, and led our Zabouda to the altar. Once when a bit of beet-root went down the wrong way, she choked, and I hit her on the back. Never shall I forget the dignity with which she thanked me, on recovering her breath.

Yours faithfully,
Ernest Wagwell.

No music, by request
He has no taste for music, he says.

(Gossip column)

I would rather be trucked by bloodhounds
Than go to the concert tonight.

The great Slefhammer is playing.
And his Bach is worse than their bile.

An unusual anthology
I HEAR that Cattlehurst and Popper are to publish an Anthology of Huntingdonshire Cabmen. It will contain the cream of the six volumes, and will have something for everybody—provided they are interested in the cabmen of Huntingdonshire. It is not likely to be much in demand at the libraries, but those who like fact rather than fancy, and, feeling to serious reading, will find it a mine of information. The selection is being made by Mr. R. L. Clock, who was responsible for the admirable "Interim List of Bedfordshire Cat-Owners."

DART WORDS

TODAY'S Dartwords line a grim, playful and a little bit of a puzzle. With DARTS and DARTING, you have to make your way from one to the other by using all the words in the circle in such a way that each word is used between one word and the next, and it is governed by one of six rules.

RULES

- The word may be an anagram of the word that precedes it.
- The word may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.
- The word may be found by adding one letter to or subtracting one letter from, or changing one letter in the preceding word.
- It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, simile, metaphor, or association of ideas.
- The word may form a well-known phrase, idiom, or thing in the preceding word.
- It may be associated with the preceding word in a story or in the action of a book, play, or other composition.

WILLIAM LAFFLER'S DISCUSSION ORIGINALS FROM THE JAZZ VAULT

SPEAKING of jazz, the first batch of label "X" vault originals includes an LP by "Eddie Condon's Hot Shots" and among the eight numbers are "I'm Gonna Stomp Mr. Henry Lee" (No. 1 and No. 2). The sidemen are Jack Teagarden, the late Glenn Miller, Red McKenzie, Coleman Hawkins and Pee Wee Russell.

The late Fletcher Henderson, Wingy Manone and Mezz Mezzrow are the stars of the "X" Label's second round of jazz taken from a vault of record masters never used before.

The Henderson album is made up of eight numbers which Henderson and his Connie's Orchestra recorded in 1931 and 1932, when Fletcher was changing over from the combo to the big band style.

Henderson's driving piano breaks in "Sugar Foot Stomp" make classic jazz, but sidemen like J. C. Higginbotham, Coleman Hawkins and Rex Stewart give him excellent backing.

The Manone and Mezzrow music is somewhat more relaxed than Henderson's, but no less entertaining. Manone's hot trumpet and gravelly vocals are inevitable but welcome on such numbers as "Basin Street Blues," "Dallas Blues" and "Tormented."

Mezzrow's album also shows off Higginbotham's trombone as well as the drums of the late Chick Webb.

Mention of Manone's Andy Devolin voice naturally makes you think of Louis Armstrong. There's plenty of Satchmo available this month on Decca labels—an album of eight tunes with the Mills Brothers and a cool single whereon Lattie gives a bopster's parody of "The Whiffenpoof Song." Satchmo transfers the retting from Yale to New York's bop hideaway, "Birdland."

You can't exactly compare the voice of Bas Sheva with Armstrong's other than to say it is unusual. Her "Rock-a-Bye Your Baby With a Dixie Melody" on the Capitol label is a deep-voiced, deeply-moving version.

Some serious students of jazz often argue that the jazz season at its feverish climax can not match the fervor of a lively spiritual.

If you're just becoming a jazz fan, listen to some of the classic Dixieland go-aways, and then, if you're lucky enough to find one at your record store, take home the "Voices of Victory" album and try to judge it yourself.

"Voices of Victory" was issued last month by the obscure Choir label. Each of the seven moving spirituals is an expression of deep faith sung by a mixed chorus of 64 voices. In-between a few of the happy numbers are soft sermons by the Rev. Dr. Arthur Atlas Peters, of the Victory Baptist Church of Los Angeles, and formerly of New Orleans, who organized the choir.

There is one exceptionally tender soliloquy in which Dr. Peters voices pride in his race and recalls the victory against odds of Marian Anderson, Jesse Owens and Joe Louis, to name a few.

Martha Carson sings one of her own spirituals, "I Bowled Down," on a new Capitol single. On the reverse side is "Hell Part the Water," another strong song of faith.

For the frat cats: Columbia has put on a 12-inch LP excerpt of coolish jazz taken from campus concerts by the Dave Brubeck Quartet. Particularly smooth: "I Want to Be Happy" and "Take the 'A' Train."

Borrah Minneville and his Harmonica Rascals offer a change of pace from bop jazz and the deep-throated singers with a Capitol album containing eight popular and semi-classical numbers including "Warsaw Concerto," "Song of India," "Perfidia" and "Malaguena."

Highly recommended dance albums: (1) "Just One More Chance," nine smooth numbers by Les Elgart (Columbia) including "For Me and My Gal" and "Cuddle Up a Little Closer" and (2) "Dance Craze," a Capitol EP that includes the Bunny Hop, the Creep, Charleston and Hokey Pokey.

Highly recommended single: "The Little Shoemaker" by the Gaylords (Mercury). Hubbilly hit: "I Ain't Got Nothing But Time" and "I'm Satisfied with You," recorded for M-G-M before his untimely death by Hank Williams.

Mambo of the month: "Hernando's Hideaway" from "The Paloma Game," by Tito Rodriguez and his Orchestra (RCA-Victor).

Best encore: "I Wish on the Moon," Ella Fitzgerald and Gordon Jenkins, his orchestra and chorus (Decca).

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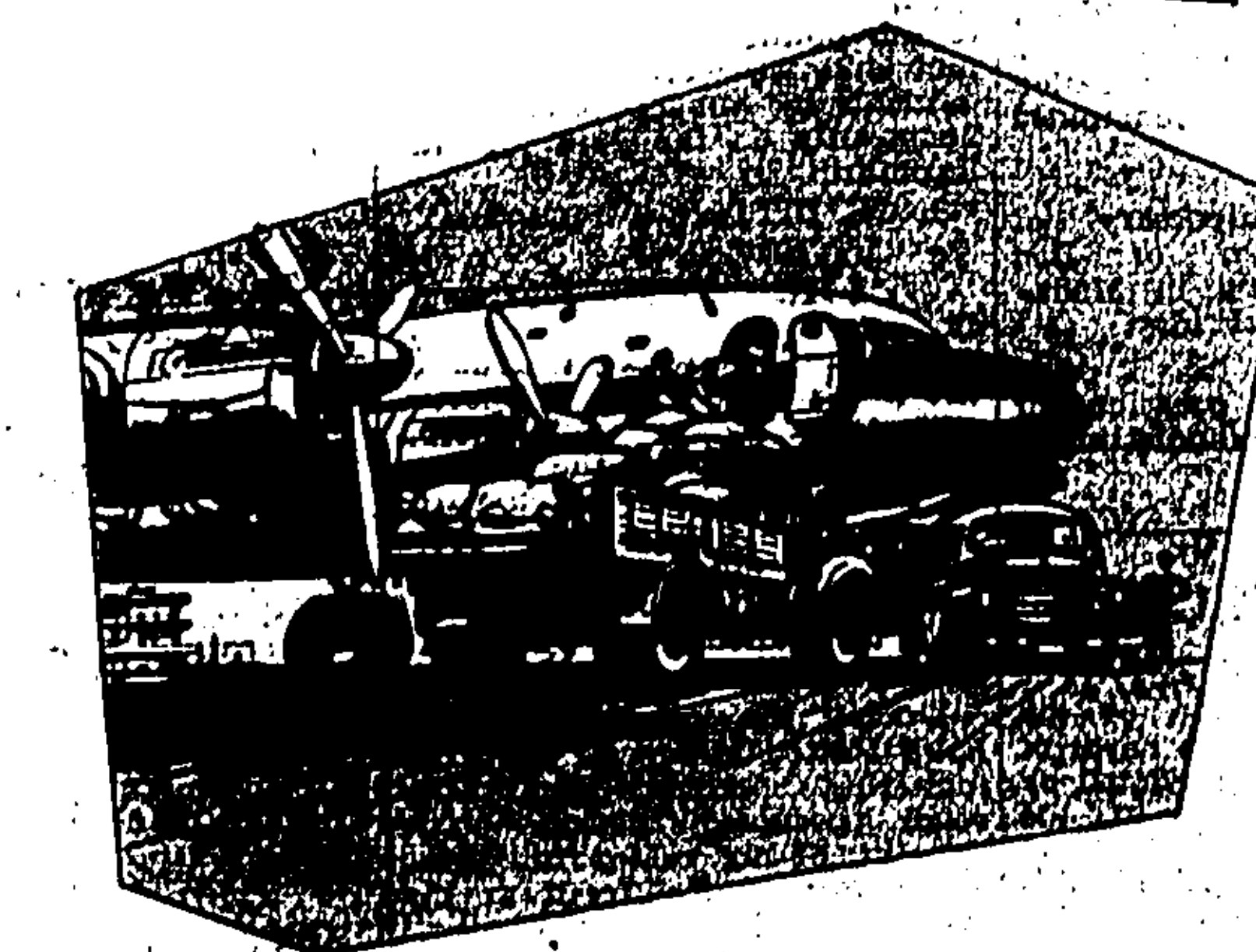
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